JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII No. 429. SATURDAY. AUGUST 22, 1914 ONE PENNY

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For meaning of this No. see page ii. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Competition Entrants

The SHOULD READ

Findon's **Competitors' Journal** Weekly.

Are you interested in Picture Puzzles, Literary Competitions and the like?

Do you enter for "Mary Bull's" Pictures, "John Bull's" "Bullets," "Middles" "Heads or Tails," or any of the other newspaper competitions? If so you need THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL!

It gives hints and advice, offers large money prizes, including one of £5 a week for 5 years, and contains hosts of interesting articles.

1D. Weekly.

Read Edgar Wallace's Serial—
"THE MELODY OF DEATH."

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in a correct claim:—

T. J. TINKER, 14, Holly Bush Road, Gravesend, Kent. July 25th. 566,218.
GEORGE H. ANSTEY, 33, Stroud Road, Gloucester. August 1st. 467,139.
MATTHEW BEATTIE, 51, Rue End Street, Greenock, Scotland. July 25th. 514,439.
ALFRED ASHDOWN, 76, Reginald Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. August 1st. No. 682,451.
C. MOORE, Cole's Stores, Myddelton Street, E.C. July 4th. No. 775,128.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 15th:—

001814	200391	383708	701292	899468
017097	210424	416170	718766	918188
039005	232840	465446	748927	921422
071975	253014	497642	761673	946413
090273	256250	525859	788322	956622
115573	264791	550541	792669	985414
132853	274615	566913	805798	991013
150187	311710	620785	838927	A000538
173396	332006	659106	871648	A024850
187603	355249	693555	896622	A098762

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published August 26th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **August 22, 1914.**

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"JOHN BULL" ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, September 5.

Mark Only 6 Away Wins	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
	Burnley	v.	Bradford City
	Tottenham H.	v.	Chelsea
	Newcastle United	v.	Everton
	Middlesbro'	v.	West Bromwich A.
	Sheffield United	v.	Sheffield Wednesday
	Aston Villa	v.	Sunderland
	Liverpool	v.	Notts County
	Bradford	v.	Blackburn Rovers
	Oldham Athletic	v.	Bolton Wanderers
	Manchester United	v.	Manchester City
	Bury	v.	Bristol City
	Preston North End	v.	Huddersfield
	Notts Forest	v.	Grimsby Town
	Leicester Fosse	v.	Birmingham
	Barnsley	v.	Lincoln
	Glossop	v.	Derby County
	Wolverhampton W.	v.	Arsenal
	Fulham	v.	Clapton Orient
	Stockport County	v.	Leeds City
	Hull City	v.	Blackpool
	Brighton and Hove	v.	Gillingham
	Cardiff City	v.	Norwich City
	Exeter City	v.	West Ham United
	Luton Town	v.	Plymouth A.
	Portsmouth	v.	Watford
	Swindon Town	v.	Northampton
	Southend United	v.	Southampton
	Queen's Park R.	v.	Reading
	Millwall Athletic	v.	Croydon C.
	Bristol Rovers	v.	Crystal Palace

I enter JOHN BULL Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signed .....

Address .....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

READ RULES CAREFULLY.

1. When you have made up your mind which six "away" teams will win, put a X in front of each of the six matches in which you forecast an "away" win. Only six matches may be marked on any single coupon.
2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided. Cut out the coupon and address it to "John Bull," 28, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark the envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest No. 1, and send to reach us not later than Friday, September 4.
3. The sum of £500 will be paid to the competitor whose coupon contains the correct results as published in the "Sporting Life" of six matches played to a finish on September 5th in which six "away" teams win. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving six correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the competitor sending in a coupon with one error only. In the event of neither of these prizes being won, we shall in any case award £100 to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, whatever the number, and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecast on a Mauve Coupon taken from "Mary Bull," provided such coupon does not win or share the £500, £250, or £100.
4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.
5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.
6. In the event of tie or ties in this Competition, the £500, the £250 or the £100, as well as the special £25 Mauve Coupon prize, will be equally divided.
7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

The Closing Date is Friday, September 4.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors who are desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

Away	Home Team.		Away Team.
	Burnley	v.	Bradford C.
	Tottenham H.	v.	Chelsea
	Newcastle U.	v.	Everton
	Middlesbro'	v.	W. Brom. A.
	Sheffield U.	v.	Sheffield W.
	Aston Villa	v.	Sunderland
	Liverpool	v.	Notts C.
	Bradford	v.	Blackburn R.
	Oldham A.	v.	Bolton W.
	Manchester U.	v.	Manchester C.
	Bury	v.	Bristol C
	Preston N.E.	v.	Huddersfield
	Notts F.	v.	Grimsby T.
	Leicester F.	v.	Birmingham
	Barnsley	v.	Lincoln

Away	Home Team.		Away Team.
	Glossop	v.	Derby C.
	Wolver. W.	v.	Arsenal
	Fulham	v.	Clapton O.
	Stockport C.	v.	Leeds
	Hull C.	v.	Blackpool
	Brighton and H.	v.	Gillingham
	Cardiff C.	v.	Norwich C.
	Exeter C.	v.	West Ham U.
	Luton T.	v.	Plymouth A.
	Portsmouth	v.	Watford
	Swindon T.	v.	Northampton
	Southend U.	v.	Southampton
	Queen's Park R.	v.	Reading
	Millwall A.	v.	Croydon C.
	Bristol R.	v.	Crystal P.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 429. Week ending Saturday, August 22nd, 1914. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. **FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, SPORTING** *and* **LEGAL** *inquiries should be directed to the Financial, Insurance, Sporting, or Legal Editor, as the case may be. All communications should be addressed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for AUG. 15th, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number **533,384.**

Apply THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Old Way.

The Empire being in real trouble, Parliament has adjourned for a holiday, having discovered—what we have been preaching for years—that a great Business, like the conduct of the affairs of the British Isles and her dominions over the seas, cannot be efficiently managed by a Board of 670 Directors—most of them with bees in their bonnets. Yes, bonnets—for some of them are, likewise, old women. So they take their fees—and run away and play; whilst the Managing Directors stay behind and do the work. In normal times they *talk*—about Temperance, Betting, Sweepstakes, Newspaper Competitions, Church Funds and other mighty things; and run down to their constituencies to open bazaars and jumble sales, or to address Bands of Hope, or distribute school prizes; but to-day they have discovered something else, too—that in times of trouble *they are not wanted.*

The *New* Way.

But we shall soon have the new way. The House of Commons will be the Business Committee of the Empire, divided into sections, each of which will be charged with the supervision of some department of State, each of which, again, will be presided over by a Chief, who will be an Expert in its particular work—its head—its director, and not, as at present, its tame tool, in the hands of the Permanent Officials. As soon as the war is over there will be a General Election; the present Government will "come back," but its only mandate will be to clear up the mess and put things straight—and then will come Mr. Asquith's opportunity. We will in due season preach from that text. And, thank heaven!—and the war—we shall no longer preach to ears stuffed with Party wool. The Voice in the Wilderness has been heard at last.

Nelson's Last Words.

The last words penned by Nelson in his private diary were written as the *Victory* prepared for the battle of Trafalgar, and they ran thus:—"May the Great God whom I worship grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself individually I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen." Lieutenant Pasco, we are told, waited quietly till Nelson rose from his knees and then made his necessary report. May this spirit animate every officer and man in the Fleet to-day. We are confident that it will; and that a great cause and a splendid tradition will be worthily upheld.

"Tommy" and his Beer.

Whatever induced Sir Thomas Barlow, Sir Frederick Treves, Sir Victor Horsley, and two other medicos, to issue that extraordinary manifesto to the Army, warning "Tommy" that if he drinks beer before going into battle he will be slow to see signals, confused in prompt judgment, spoilt for accurate shooting, easily fatigued, lose the power of resistance to disease and exposure, and suffer increased shock from wounds? We are told that these horrible results are vouched for by Lord Roberts and the late Lord Wolseley. Be that as it may, we venture to think that a tankard of good British ale, all round, would be an excellent stimulant and stimulus for the boys at the front. In any case, this seems scarcely the time to worry our soldiers with pumparian piffle. We observe that three of the signatories to the manifesto have the letters "T. F." after their names. Teetotal fanatic?

Back to Football.

"Business as Usual during Extension of Premises," is to be our motto till the war is over. And Business includes reasonable and appropriate recreation. Thus not only do we proceed with the great boxing match, but we now resume our popular Football Competitions—in which, without any outlay, readers are given the chance of winning little fortunes. That, with a knowledge of the game and a study of "form," it is possible to forecast the results of any set of matches, was amply demonstrated last season—large sums of money being distributed by us almost every week; whilst we also have several life pensioners on our list. So go ahead and try to drown the worry of the war (which will soon be over) in the good old game. You will find all about our First Competition of the season on page 23.

The Great Boxing Match.

All roads lead to the Stadium on Monday.

"Bullets," the Most Popular and Best-Judged Word Competition.

Patriotism by. Proxy.

On the outbreak of hostilities the Government lost no time in impressing upon employers of labour their patriotic duty to keep open the posts of employees called to the colours, until their return to civil life. Having thus identified itself with a principle which has received the approval of all patriotic Britons, one naturally expects it to put it into practice. However, we have received information which causes us to fear that our expectations will be rudely shattered. We are informed that the Chief Valuer of the Valuation Department, London, has issued a circular to the effect that although members of the staff throughout the Kingdom may join the forces if they so desire, the Board of Inland Revenue wish to impress upon them that if any members of the staff do so, the Board will *not* promise that they will be reinstated at the termination of the war. Such an instruction is a direct incentive to selfish employers to do likewise, and we hope the Government will lose no time in cancelling it. Its responsibility in this matter is enormous. If the distress incidental to the conflict is to be minimised, the Government must take the lead in patriotic consideration for its employees, so that those who do not follow it may have no Government example behind which to shelter themselves from popular indignation.

"It's Tommy This and Tommy That."

Shortly before the declaration of war against Germany, a Royal Garrison Artilleryman, in uniform, went into a shop in one of the main streets of Plymouth, for a hair-cut. Although the barber bears an English name, and notwithstanding the fact that his saloon was empty of customers, he refused to exercise his art on the soldier, because he was *in uniform*. We fear this kind of gratuitous insult to the King's uniform is too common in times of peace. In times of war we see the other side of the picture. Even the sight of a Boy Scout in full rig is sufficient to arouse a burst of patriotic fervour, and we should never be surprised to see the crowd cheering a passing postman to the echo because of the red piping on his tunic. To-day, if our artilleryman could forgive the insult he received, and put in an appearance again at that barber's shop at Plymouth, what would be the nature of his reception? Sufficiently courteous, we have no doubt, to satisfy a curry-eating colonel from Calcutta. But we detest these extremes. Let us pursue the happy mean. In times of war, less laudatory gush; in times of peace, more consideration and respect for the men whose uniform denotes that their lives are offered for the Empire's need.

Small Debts.

The "moratorium" recently announced by Royal Proclamation guarantees a month's "grace" to debtors who, in the present financial emergency, are unable punctually to meet their obligations. It has been pointed out, however, that this legal amnesty is by no means of general application, for, by the terms of the Proclamation, its operation is restricted to debts of not less than £5. The apparent injustice of this discrimination has not escaped public notice, and the invidious situation of poorer debtors has already engaged the attention of the House of Commons. In reply to a question, the Chancellor of the Exchequer dealt at some length with the matter of hire-purchase agreements, and in this connection an important rule has been established. Instalment purchasers are to enjoy the benefit of the moratorium in all cases where their total liability exceeds £5, even though the amount of a single payment may fall far short of this sum. This is a partial solution of a manifest difficulty, but why any limit at all? In moments of financial tension the poor have the first claim upon our consideration.

National Penny Bank Position.

It must be said, without reserve, that the National Penny Bank position is by no means satisfactory, and the depositors, most if not all of whom are thrifty people who have placed the small, gradual, persistent savings of a lifetime in the care of the Directors, have every reason to feel anxious at the continued closing of the doors. A temporary closing was natural and politic, but if the position is as the depositors have been led to believe up to the last moment, the Directors should by this time have been able to open again for business, with suitable restrictions. It is only a year or two since depositors who did not join in the heavy run on the bank were reassured against widespread rumours by outside assistance rendered to it in its hour of trial. Time will show whether the Directors have been sufficiently candid. A bank which keeps open for the receipt of the savings of continual self-sacrifice ought, we would imagine, to be able to keep open for withdrawals if it is justified of its existence. If it is not justified of its existence, the Directors ought to say so the instant they become doubtful of the situation. They are in a position of special and peculiar trust; the moment the funds in their charge are at risk in relation to the assets which form the security for repayment, that moment the business should stop, for it is obvious that a Savings Bank in which it is not safe to leave savings is not a Savings Bank at all. On the contrary, it is a Losings Bank, and by that name it should be called.

A Way We Have in the Army.

We do not pretend to be naval or military experts—but we have heard distinguished soldiers and sailors discuss the methods of German training in relation to the requirements of modern warfare. Arms of precision have been brought to a pitch so nearly approaching perfection that we are going to hazard what we believe will prove to be a very shrewd guess concerning the surprise that our German foes will experience when they first come into contact with British troops. The Germans believe in attacking in deep masses and in column formation; but our experience in South Africa has taught us that this form of attack, when employed against a resolute foe properly armed, means annihilation. History is, we think, going to repeat itself. When the Iron Duke went to Brussels in 1815 to take command of the army which fought at Waterloo, he was asked what he thought would be the result of the campaign. He replied: "If the French continue to attack in column whilst we fight in line, there can be but one issue—they will be defeated." This incident was mentioned to the present Kaiser some few years ago at the German manœuvres, and he answered: "Oh, yes, but the English are the only troops who are capable of fighting in line formation." Thank Heaven it is so!

The Financial Crisis.

We learn that the outflow of gold from the Bank of England, which was an early feature of the crisis, has been succeeded by a great influx. Members of the public who, against possible emergencies, had laid in a stock of specie, are now returning their hoards to the Bank in complete reliance upon the precautionary measures of the Government. The prompt issue of a small paper currency has served, in a remarkable degree, to restore public confidence, and the thanks of the nation are due to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for his prompt handling of an admittedly difficult situation. Meanwhile, it is to the credit of the population at large, and especially of the poorer section of the community, that anything like panic has so far been successfully averted. Despite the gloomy forebodings of certain economists, the delicate machinery of commercial credit has emerged almost unimpaired from the first shock of war.

Another Ten "Bullets" War Prizes of £25 EACH to be Won This Week.

Patriotic Physicians.

Loyal citizens who, for one reason or another, are unable to take their places in the fighting line, are busily seeking opportunities of usefulness at home, and in this connection we note that the London panel doctors have set an excellent example to their colleagues in other parts of the country. At a recent emergency meeting the medicos expressed their willingness "to treat free of charge the dependents of reservists on their lists who have been called to the colours, and insured persons on their lists who have become unemployed through the war." In each category the need will doubtless be acute, and it will be to the lasting credit of the doctors if the purpose of the Insurance Act can thus be maintained in the stress of the coming months. Meanwhile, it is obviously unfair that the whole brunt of the compassionate task should fall upon members of the panels, and we endorse the wish of the Insurance doctors that "arrangements could be made to work in conjunction with their friends who were not on the panel, so as to ensure an equal distribution of the work." It is to be hoped that the old "panel" quarrel may offer no obstacle to such friendly co-operation. We are all burying our hatchets just now.

Cause or Pretext?

The real motives by which nations are actuated when they declare war upon one another are so seldom those which are openly avowed, that we may lay it down as a general principle that the reason given for a war is merely a pretext. History is full of illustrations of this truism. The wars of the crusades, the Reformation itself, the religious struggles in Germany, France and England, all prove—when the evidence is sifted—that what was done in public was only for show and entertainment. James II., for instance, advocated toleration and liberty of conscience when removing the Test act. That was the pretext. But we know now that the real cause was to introduce and make the Catholics predominant in the government of the country. Every nation endeavours to find a plausible "justification"—forgetting that any war which is necessary is just.

Dirty Work.

At the onset of the war, the Government were confronted here at home with a peculiarly insidious peril. Rumours as to the prevalence of German espionage were found to have been but too well-founded, and the outbreak of hostilities appears to have been the signal for a display of malignant activity on the part of these miserable tools of an intriguing foe. By means of drastic police measures, hastily improvised by the Home Office and sanctioned by the House of Commons, an extraordinary number of arrests have been effected, and it is believed that the peril of the situation has been sensibly lessened. Meanwhile, the compulsory registration of all aliens in certain scheduled areas is a necessary measure of precaution, and involves no discourtesy to the subjects of friendly Powers.

Patriotism and Salvation.

Amongst the Salvation Army colonists at Hadleigh, Essex, are some patriots who would gladly enlist for active service, if they were only assured that at the termination of the war they would be permitted to resume their occupation under the same conditions as at present. We learn, however, that they have been informed by the Salvation officials that if they leave the colony they will not be taken on again. If this be true, it throws another sidelight on the social side of the Salvation Army's work. Surely, to penalise a man for assisting in the defence of his country is one of the basest actions, unworthy of a firm of sweating money-grabbers, let alone of a religious organisation.

Who is Lying?

When a certain Archbishop was informed by an intimate friend that an apparently incredible thing had happened, he replied that he would take his informant's word for it, as he said so, but he would not have believed it if he had seen it himself. When two ministers of the Gospel declare they have seen a thing with their own eyes, there is no option except to believe it, for nobody can suspect them of deliberately telling an untruth. At a meeting of the Bristol Board of Guardians, two ministers and another member of the Board gave a harrowing account of brutal treatment of boys in the National Nautical School, by one of the officers. The boys concerned, however, say they had only one cut on the hand with a cane; the doctor who examined them "the same evening" declares he could not even see a mark of the cane, let alone marks of cruelty; and the officer concerned boldy affirms to us that the statements of the rev. gentlemen are "absolutely false." The Rev. G. Adam, the Rev. A. E. Bray, and Mr. Vincent Thompson must now justify themselves or be for ever lost.

Don't Knock.

The new American Manager of the Great Eastern Railway has gotten right down to work, anyway. He has already infused the system with the Yankee business spirit. You have only to go to Hunstanton to find this out. There, on the slide which covers the pigeon-hole in the booking office, appears the following notice:—"Don't knock. We know when to open. Read the notices." We are comforted by the assurance that G.E.R. booking clerks know when to open—*at last*. For we can recollect forming one of many a queue of anxious passengers, rushed to the last minute through the booking clerks' evident ignorance of the subject. We congratulate Mr. Thornton on his first drastic step to reorganise the railway of which he is the executive chief. In return, we will willingly "*read the notices.*"

"Do It Again" Sentences.

Apropos of the lenient sentences commonly inflicted on beasts who assault little children, the case of George Pace, a Malpas joiner, is in point. Less than twelve months ago, Pace committed an indecent assault on a child, and then received the inadequate sentence of six weeks' hard labour. The other day he was charged at the Broxton Sessions for another indecent assault, this time on a girl eight years old, and was sent to gaol for three months. As we have frequently declared, nothing but the severest punishment within the law will serve these vile assailants of our children for a lesson. Clemency towards them is entirely out of place.

Solomon II.: R.I.P.

Soloman II is dead. The late Mr. Plowden was one of the wisest and wittiest of magistrates. His sympathies were as wide as his jokes were funny. He stumbled in his law as seldom as he stumbled in his philosophy. Few of his contemporaries on the magisterial bench had such a skinful of humanity. It is in no mere tombstone sense we say that he will be "deeply missed by all who knew him," for he will be deeply missed by many who didn't. The memory of the just is blessed, and above all things Alfred Plowden was just.

What's in a Name?

Glancing down the "hatches, matches and dispatches" column the other day, we were brought up with a round turn by the announcement of the birth of a son to the wife of Carlos Angelpup, at Long Stratton. Will the happy father permit us to express the wish that his son may prove an angel pup indeed?

War Prizes for "Bullets"—Another Special Offer This Week. See page 24.

NEVER AGAIN!

NOT A VESTIGE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE TO BE LEFT.

As we remarked last week, both sides in the present bloody conflict are appealing to God—the "God of Battles"—for blessing and help. We are afraid that we lean to the view that victory will, in the end, rest with the biggest—that is to say, the best—battalions; but it is well to bear in mind, for the comfort of those who think otherwise, the moral aspect of the war. First, it has not been of our seeking, and, secondly, we have no object but the freeing of Europe from a military despotism which constituted a menace to the civilisation of the world. Triumph for Germany would mean a reign of Terror—for us it spells a reign of Peace; it also means the liberation of vast capital, at present engaged in wasteful, unproductive expenditure, for profitable, productive employment. On the other hand, the success of German arms would mean the establishment of a hideous system of militarism—"Kaiserism" is a good word for it—throughout Europe, every man becoming a mere unit in a great fighting machine. Wherefore, we say our cause is just. Let not our part in the war, therefore, oppress the conscience of any man or woman in the British Isles. It has been coming for a long time past—as some of us saw only too plainly. Our own voice grew hoarse, and our pen worn well-nigh out, in proclaiming the warning—as we showed last week. But this is no time to say "I told you so!" It is a time for action—grim, fearless, merciless—barbaric, if you will. For the nonce, the ordered progress of the world must be arrested; we must appeal to that primeval, martial instinct of mankind upon which, when all is said, rests the last security for human liberty. Civilisation is a Truce—sacred so long only as it is not outraged by any of the parties to it. *We* have not violated it. On the contrary, we have submitted for years past to every form of aggravation and insult rather than take the awful responsibility of drawing the sword. We have stood by, doing and saying nothing, whilst that naval power which is our birthright, our inheritance, our *all*, has been impudently challenged. Rather than imperil the peace of the world, we have even refrained from protest against what has been going on. We have stood and suffered—waiting to see! It may not have been very brilliant statesmanship; but there it is. At any rate, it has not been dishonourable; it has been simply stupid. The freedom of our ports, too, has been ruthlessly abused, and much of our trade stolen away under our very eyes. Still we did nothing—till that last straw of the invasion of Belgium was placed upon our back. And then we woke up. The old lion shook his mane, growled a terrible growl, stood up, pawed the ground, and then, of a sudden, bounded forward. And now nothing can—nothing *must*—stop him. To every addle-headed fanatic who prates of Peace before the last vestige of the German empire is destroyed, the answer must be, in the words of Mr. Shaw, "Not——likely!" That must be our motto till the bloody business is finished.

OUR CASE STATED.

On another page we give a synopsis of the diplomatic events which led up to the war. Here let us take a general view of the situation. We in the United Kingdom are a race of islanders—with vast oversea possessions and responsibilities—who have been compelled, and content, to rely upon our naval supremacy for our security. For a long time that view was unchallenged, but for the last twenty years Germany has been openly preparing to deprive us of our right. The Kaiser has told his subjects that the "Trident" (meaning command of the sea) "must be in their fist"—that "their future was on the water";—and whenever we have proposed a limitation of armaments our suggestions have been rejected in a way that amounted to secret contempt—if not open insult. On the simple ground of national interest and State preservation we cannot allow a military tyranny on the Continent of Europe. For this cause we waged war for twenty years against the great Napoleon—and it is no exaggeration to say that we saved Europe as well as ourselves by the sacrifices we made. In modern times, "the balance of power," as it is called, has been relied upon by us, as by all other nations, as a necessary condition to the maintenance of peace. Finding Germany bent upon a policy which must inevitably lead to war with ourselves, we were fortunately able to adjust our differences with France, and, through France, with Russia; so that three great empires—England, France and Russia—having under their sway some 700 millions of human beings, might guarantee the peace of the world. That was the compact—honest and sincere. But it did not suit the Kaiser, who consequently made desperate efforts, first in 1905 and again in 1911, to break the *entente* between France and ourselves—but the "bluff" having on both occasions failed, he has now seized upon the pretext of the trouble between Austria and Servia to plunge all Europe into war. That is a simple, plain and accurate statement of the case. We believe the man to be mad. What Napoleon tried to do in the early days of the nineteenth, he is seeking to achieve in this twentieth century. And he is not a Napoleon.

It was Euripides who, in the olden times, said that when a divinity would bring a man to ruin, he first deprives him of his senses. And so it is with the Kaiser. Who could have believed that a phlegmatic Teuton would be so eaten up with vanity as to imagine that he could overcome those 700 millions of people? Ajax defying the lightning—or Ramsay Macdonald, the gas light—is but a feeble simile. Can Lewis Carroll have really had the Kaiser in his mind when he wrote his famous lines about old Father William, of which the following paraphrase naturally suggests itself?:—

"You are old, Father William," the Crown Prince said,
"And your hair has become very white,
And yet you incessantly stand on your head——
Do you think at your age it is right?"

"In my youth," Kaiser William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain,
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

But this is positively his last performance. We will see to that. Never, never again—"Not——likely!"

THE END.

On the opposite page, we give our idea of the ultimate outcome of the war, so far as the world at large is concerned. As regards Germany herself, we repeat—she must be wiped off the map of Europe. Her colonies must be taken over by either France or ourselves, or both of us; and whatever ships she has left must be added, in equal proportions, to the French and British Navies. Russia, of course, must be treated fairly, but a cash indemnity would suit her best, so her claims must be added to the indemnity which we shall demand in solid gold.

That is the pill which the Kaiser has to swallow!

HOW THE WAR BEGAN—AND WILL END.

A BISMARCKIAN POLICY WITHOUT A BISMARCK!

Events move at such a rate in these days that people soon lose sight of the fundamental facts; and in addition to this consideration, it has always been one of the most interesting problems of history to discover the real origin of any great war. In these circumstances, we have prepared a concise synopsis of the events leading up to the present crisis. It should be useful for future reference.

Never in history, ancient or modern, have such gigantic hosts been arrayed against one another—the number of soldiers and sailors now under arms and in action at the present time being not less than ten millions. In a few years' time, however, we shall have forgotten all about the circumstances which led up to this titanic conflict, and shall be talking only of the result. For instance, we shall not then trouble ourselves about the diplomatic correspondence that passed between England, France, Russia, Servia, Italy, Austria, and Germany between the historic dates of July 20th and August 4th—sixteen days in all—and which shows beyond the faintest shadow of a doubt that the wilful, arrogant, implacable peace-breaker of the world was Germany.

THE GENESIS OF THE WAR.

Let us summarise the facts: The brutal murder of the Austrian Archduke and his wife at Sarajevo occurred on June 28th, and on July 24th Austria delivered to Servia an ultimatum, which undoubtedly—whether justifiable or not (we do not here express any view)—involved the surrender of the independence of the nation. Under the advice of Russia, Servia agreed to all the Austrian conditions except two, and as to these two she asked to have them referred to The Hague tribunal. This request was rejected, and war was declared by Austria on July 27th.

BERLIN COMES ON THE SCENE.

The key of the situation was, however, really at Berlin, as was pointed out by the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs in his telegram of that date to the Russian Ambassador in London. Italy was not consulted by Germany and Austria. It was well known that she was averse to war, and would have gladly accepted Sir Edward Grey's suggestion of a conference in London. But Germany was intent upon forcing Russia to abandon Servia to her fate, knowing full well that, as the greatest Slav State in the world, Russia could never assent to such a humiliation. Germany therefore declined the proposed conference. It goes without saying that the Russian Czar could have no sympathy with the assassins of an Archduke.

On July 29th the German Secretary of State threw off the mask, and informed the British Ambassador that, in return for British neutrality, Germany would make no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France, *but he was unable to give similar assurance as regards French colonies.* So the murder was out at last! England was believed to be paralysed by the imminence of civil war in Ireland—and the strength of the peace party was altogether misconceived. Russia was thought to be unprepared for war. France was, therefore, at the mercy of the Power which had torn from her the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine in 1871. A most friendly warning—not a threat—was given on this same day (July 29th) by Sir Edward Grey to the German Ambassador, that in certain eventualities England might be compelled to intervene—*and the decision would have to be very rapid.*

On July 30th the President of the French Republic told our Ambassador that a British declaration to support France would prevent Germany going to war, but Sir F. Bertie explained the difficulty of such a declaration.

GERMAN OVERTURES REJECTED.

On July 30th our Government declined to entertain the German proposals to secure British neutrality. Such a bargain at the expense of France would, it was said, be a disgrace to Great Britain. In reading these despatches we cannot resist the conclusion that this country must have fallen very low indeed in the estimation of Germany, or she would never have dared to make so insulting a proposal. However, she is wiser now. Then came the violation of the neutrality of Belgium by Germany, which was as the last straw. England's patience was exhausted, and she declared war.

PLAYING WITH THE GENIUS OF THE DEAD.

When Germany emerges from this struggle, crippled and humiliated—as she will do—the moral lesson she, in common with the rest of the world, will have learnt will be that it is dangerous to attempt to carry on a policy invented by a man of genius after the genius is dead. Bismarck was ruthless but brilliantly clever. His policy of "blood and iron" could be carried out only by a statesman of the very first order who never lost his sense of proportion. When, shortly after his accession, the present Kaiser dismissed the great Minister who had brought about the unification of Germany, and, in the picturesque phrase of *Punch*, "dropped the pilot" and took the helm of the ship of State, he undertook a responsibility which he was not qualified by nature to discharge. He had but little political knowledge, and had given no proof that he possessed that kind of genius which enables a man to dispense with personal experience. Not being able to bend the bow of Ulysses, ultimate failure was inevitable. Bismarck, before forcing France into war in 1870, falsified the telegram which was the pretext for the war; and throughout the lengthy diplomatic wrangle that ensued, and lasted with slight intermission till the end of the war, he always contrived to make his adversaries appear to be in the wrong. This is what we mean by clever ruthlessness. The methods of the present Kaiser and his advisers are not only brutal, but stupid. They deceive no one. They are clumsy—one might almost call them burlesque—imitations of a great original.

THE OUTCOME.

Once more we realise the "soul of goodness in things evil." Our Peace-at-any-price party have done for William II. what John Bright and his Quaker friends did for the Russian Emperor in 1854—lured him to his ruin, by inducing him to think that England would never fight again. The British Empire will, in all probability, as the outcome of the war, be welded together in a Federation which could never have been effected by negotiation in time of peace. But that is not all. It may well come about that, with the military menace of Germany at an end, France, Russia, Italy, Belgium and Holland will form an alliance which shall make the twentieth the greatest century of all history by witnessing the end of war amongst civilised nations. So may it be!

ANOTHER REMOUNT SCANDAL.

LOOTING THE LOYAL—PUBLIC INQUIRY URGENTLY DEMANDED.

One of the most shameful scandals connected with our campaign in South Africa had reference to the buying and selling of remounts—that is to say, animals required by the military authorities to replenish the tremendous wastage of horse-flesh always entailed by war. Out of the inquiry which was held into this and other unsavoury transactions, several highly-placed persons emerged with reputations considerably tarnished. We are sorry to say that the indisputable evidence in our possession shows that the blaze of just indignation towards the perpetrators of the tricks and frauds of a dozen years ago has not been sufficient to scotch the reptiles who conduct such dirty traffic to the detriment of their countrymen—for individuals are now resuscitating this despicable trade and, unfortunately, too, they are of British blood.

Nobbling Norwich Nags.

The ancient city of Norwich and the district surrounding it have within the last few days been the scene of the disgraceful enterprise of a couple of men who, from their education and position in the community, should have been among the last to exploit the patriotism of one of the most staunch and loyal sections of the community. With notable promptitude, the Mayor, on the 7th August, issued an appeal to his fellow citizens to bring in their horses at once to the place appointed for official inspection by the Government Purchasers, without waiting for the animals to be commandeered in the way provided by the recent Ordnance. Two mean-souled local residents saw on the publication of this praiseworthy request an opportunity of making money out of the necessities of their country in her time of trial, and the generous instincts of her more faithful sons. They were not driven to act this ignoble part by want—one was a man occuping a leading position in the society of the county, while the birth and breeding of the other should also have inculcated in him some of the elementary principles of decent conduct. For thirty miles round "the city in an orchard" these two individuals scoured the country, looking for golden "plums," posing, more by tacit implication than by the utterance of specific verbal mendacities, as the purchasing officials appointed by the Government, and invading, uninvited, many a peaceful farm intent upon loot. When engaged in their bold raids they were almost without exception hailed as friends—both, as we have said, are men well-known in the county—and though the prices they generally offered for the animals "required by the Government" were considerably below their real value, the patriotic farmers usually consented to make the sacrifice, and handed over their sturdy nags to those whom they understood to be his Majesty's representatives. In one case, however, one of the marauders was suspected, his intrusion upon the farmer's premises was resented, and he was boldly challenged to produce official warrant for his actions. Taken aback, the unwelcome visitor beat an undignified retreat, endeavouring to save his face by the promise—justifiably received with scepticism—that he would shortly return with the necessary papers, and would then commandeer the steeds which had been so churlishly refused him—and would punish the offensive farmer by withholding payment until after the expiration of the war.

Too Clever by Half.

In another instance the "clever" couple over-reached themselves. One of the pair called in search of prey at the shop of a well-known local tradesman. As the proprietor was not in, a message was left—and on his return, he learnt that "the Government wanted his horses and the purchasing people would call again." Anxious to save trouble at such a time, he took his best animal to the place appointed by the authorities for the official inspection, to learn that his visitors had been quite unauthorised—and incidentally to get a fairer price for his mount, paid in prompt cash. Others, however, we are sorry to say, were easily bamboozled by the demeanour and cunning language of the "county gentlemen." They consented to part with valuable animals for much less than they were worth and—as was natural—being unaware of the proper practice in these cases (which is that the Purchasing Officer gives to the seller a voucher which is equivalent to a cheque and which can be cleared through a bank) raised no demur on being informed that they would have to wait for their cheques for a few days. The animals thus obtained by false pretences were speedily taken to the duly appointed officers, and, from information in our possession, we have no hesitation in estimating an average profit of £10 on each animal, made by these sneaking thieves, who have so disgraced their nationality. The game had to them the additional attraction that they had to find no capital for it, as they took care not to pay their dupes until they had themselves cleared the cheques for the much larger figures which they themselves obtained from the authorities. In one week the two confederates sold in this way two hundred animals.

More "Tricks of the Trade."

Nor have these disgraceful devices been confined to the farmers. A local auction has been the means by which a good many questionable pennies have been "turned." Recently some troop horses from a cavalry regiment were put up for sale. Several of these were bought by cute individuals who thought they could repeat the "get rich quick" game so widely played at the time of the last great purchases by the military authorities at the time of the South African War. Some of these animals—which, presumably, had been discarded for good and sufficient reasons—were speedily bought back again by the authorities at, of course, a satisfactory profit to the horsy fraternity!

By this time rumours were in the air, rumours which did not, however, speak with lying tongue. The game was drawing to a close. A few days later the local press were significantly asked by the War Office to give publicity to the names of the gentlemen who act as "Purchasing Officers" and who "are the sole persons authorised to act" as such—which they, of course, did—and in a further short time all buying in the neighbourhood of Norwich was put an end to. Alas! the golden harvest was over! But let us hope that the winter of the discontent of these nefarious horse-snatchers is about to commence.

A Cardiff Case.

On Monday last the following paragraph appeared in the *Daily Mail*:—

> Alleged Remount Fraud on Farmers.—On a charge of obtaining horses for the Government by fraud a man was remanded at Cardiff on Saturday, when the police stated that people had been buying horses at low prices from farmers and afterwards selling them to the Government at their full value. In some cases, it was alleged, the buyers had said they were Government representatives.

It is obvious, therefore, that these unpatriotic depredations are not confined to Norwich, but would seem of a most widespread character. We, of course, express no opinion in regard to the Welsh case, our evidence being confined to Norwich. We say unhesitatingly, however, that it is the obvious duty of the Government to hold an inquiry into this scandal and, if found guilty, to meet out drastic punishment to the two individuals to whom we have referred. By doing so they will nip in the bud this second ebullition of unpatriotic fraud and deceit, and cause others who wish to profit by the public troubles to pause before they embark upon their nefarious careers. The great public—rich and poor—are ready and willing to make all the sacrifices necessary to raise money for the vigorous prosecution of the war to a triumphant conclusion, but that any of the treasure so whole-heartedly yielded to his Majesty should be diverted into the dirty hands of plunderers such as we have described, they will never tolerate.

THE GREAT BOXING CONTEST.

AHEARN'S MISHAP—POSTPONEMENT TILL MONDAY NEXT.

By one of those ironies of circumstance, and to the great disappointment of the public, it became necessary to postpone the eagerly awaited fight between Young Ahearn ("JOHN BULL's Boy") and "Gunboat" Smith until Monday next, the 24th. Ahearn finished up a strenuous course of training on Thursday of last week, and on Friday was apparently fit to fight for his life. Unfortunately, however, he contracted a chill—caused probably by sea-bathing on Saturday—with the result that he was obliged to take to his bed, and on Sunday his temperature and condition were such that—despite his own earnest protestations—his medical attendant, Dr. Shardlow, would not hear of his entering the ring. In these circumstances, a meeting at once took place between Mr. Buckley, "Gunboat" Smith's manager, and Mr. Dan McKettrick, representing Ahearn—with the result that, by mutual consent, the match was adjourned as above stated. Tickets already purchased will, of course, be available for the fresh date, whilst it is also announced that money will be returned wherever desired. There are people in the world who are convinced that "everything happens for the best," and it may well be so in this particular case. For there can be no doubt that Our Boy has put in an enormous amount of work during the past few weeks, and it is possible that a few days' rest will freshen him up and enable him to enter the ring in the pink of condition. He is possessed of wonderful recuperative powers, and at the time of going to press the doctor's report is, "Much better—will be all right in a few days." It would be nothing short of a calamity should anything prevent the carrying out of the great contest, to which all sportsmen are looking as a unique opportunity of relief for their pent-up patriotism. Win or lose, Ahearn is sure to put up a magnificent fight, and, as we have already explained, even should he be defeated, that fact would not in any way interfere with his meeting Carpentier in due course. In "Gunboat" Smith he has an opponent much taller and heavier than himself, and holding the wonderful record of having won thirty-three fights off the reel—until the *contretemps* at Olympia interrupted his victorious career. He is emphatic in his protest that he would have won that contest had it taken its normal course; but, at the same time, he recognises that in Young Ahearn he has an opponent of such superb speed and ring-craft that, whilst ridiculing the idea of being beaten, he is quite prepared for a hard struggle.

PATRIOTISM AND PLUCK.

In view of the fact that the whole of the proceeds from the match will be handed over to the Prince of Wales's War Fund, we earnestly hope that all sportsmen will make their way to the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush on Monday night and encourage our splendid and plucky British Boy by their presence. After all, we venture to assert that there is no boxer in the world, of Ahearn's age and weight, who would dare to face the terrible "Gunner." It should be a great fight.

Meanwhile the thanks of the public are due to Mr. C. B. Cochran, in whose hands the business arrangements in connection with the contest have been placed, for his prompt action in taking every possible step to minimise the public inconvenience incidental to the adjournment. Sandwich-men were at once placed in all the principal thoroughfares, advertisements inserted in the evening papers, every press agency communicated with, telegrams sent to Preston and district to prevent unnecessary journeys by Ahearn's fellow townsmen, notices placed upon all the hoardings, and special messengers dispatched to the Stadium entrances to inform all comers of the postponement.

AHEARN'S CONFIDENCE.

Notwithstanding this little set-back, Our Boy is still confident of success. Should his optimism be justified, he will, indeed, have proved himself to be the greatest boxing wonder of all time—and no building in London will be large enough to accommodate the thousands who will want to see him tackle the great Frenchman—which, win or lose this match, he will undoubtedly do.

THE WOES OF THE WAITERS.

GERMANS FLOURISHING DESPITE THE WAR.

We are afraid that the hope we expressed last week—that British waiters will benefit by the war, owing to their French and German rivals having to go to the front, is doomed to disappointment—to judge by the large deputations of out-of-work men who called upon us immediately our paragraph appeared. We were earnestly assured that there are now out of employment thousands of thoroughly-trained British waiters, possessing the highest testimonials—this sad state of affairs being mainly due to the closing down of many seaside hotels and boarding houses, owing to the war scare causing their usual patrons to remain at home; to the race meetings being abandoned and—last but by no means least—to the German waiters, as a rule, preferring to leave their country in the lurch and to stop on here, registering themselves with the police as aliens. Upon the appearance of our too sanguine anticipation, a good many native waiters out of situations had to bear the reproaches of their womanfolk, who suspected them of shirking! The men we saw were debarred by age or other disqualification from enlisting, so some of them had endeavoured to get jobs as army cooks or officers' servants, but we gather that little success usually attends such efforts.

By the way, we are told that the English agencies specialising in finding employment for these men are not very active or successful, their foreign competitors seeming to do the bulk of the business. One man produced cards showing that all his jobs had been obtained from German agencies—which, as is the wont of the Teutons, exacted an exorbitant profit for themselves. Here is a channel in which some patriotic and capable Englishman would find a good return for his capital and energy. At any rate, we can all help in one way. When the war is over, let us insist that those who wait on us shall not be Germans.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

Goliath was a super-man
(In Goliath's estimation)
The flame of his conceit to fan,
He engineered a subtle plan,
(With Goliath's approbation).

"I'll teach a wond'ring world," he said,
(Crowing with absurd elation),
"How mighty armies should be led,
In serried ranks, with martial tread
Plus a grand determination.

"Thus on to gay Paree I'll dash,
(Dream of years of preparation)
I'll slip through Belgium like a flash;
There's nothing there I cannot smash!
Just a trifling dissipation."

"Remember, Sire,"—a greybeard spoke,
(Not without some trepidation)
"Your treaty with the Belgian folk!
But there, of course, you merely joke,
Swayed by sweet anticipation."

"Peace! grunting pig," Goliath cried,
(Frothing with exasperation)
"'Tis not the first time I have lied!
Leave Honour to the other side!
To blazes with my obligation!"

Goliath brought his army out,
Viewed his troops with admiration.
He thought that each, from cook to scout,
Could put ten Belgians to the rout,
So fatuous his calculation.

But Belgium proved a David, soon
Spreading death and consternation.
From rising sun to rise of moon
Came hail of shot, one long typhoon;
Bravery for emulation.

With sober thoughts we view the scene;
Not with noisy exultation.
Such carnage never would have been,
But for the pride which goes between
Madness and infatuation.

HENRY TIPPLE.

"Bullets," the Most Popular and Best-Judged Word Competition.

KINDNESS TO THE KAISER!

POLICE PROHIBITION OF PIN-PRICKS TO PRUSSIA!

We are glad to observe that the military censors are exercising a rigid supervision over all telegrams and letters coming from the seat of war, and that there is no danger of a recrudescence of the extraordinary situation which so frequently arose during the hostilities in South Africa—when the intelligence sent to our English papers by over-zealous newspaper men was re-wired to the Continent and transmitted by devious routes to the headquarters of President Kruger. We think, however, that some of the civil censors are rather over-doing their part, if the following incident is anything but unique.

A Houndsditch firm of printers, a few days ago, placed upon the market a series of picture postcards, which the street hawkers were selling to the patriotic public like "hot cakes." We have closely scrutinised these productions, and find them to be quite innocuous, and indeed they inculcate a feeling of which no Britisher can disapprove. None of them is in the slightest degree indecent, the only one objectionable to the most squeamish representing a Jack Tar chastising, in the good old-fashioned paternal manner, a fully-attired German soldier, the words appended being: "The Seat of War—Come and have a smack!" The rest are either memorial cards, "In loving memory of the Kaiser" or of a sausage which it states is "inflated with self esteem"; or are groups representing Wilhelm's "Nightmare," showing him haunted in his sleep by visions of the allied armies and navies, or depicting the "War Lord" brandishing a sword in one hand and a proclamation of peace in the other, or show the British bull-dog making a rapid meal of a sausage ornamented with a Prussian helmet.

In Loving Memory of the
KAISER
WHO WAS INFLATED WITH SELF ESTEEM, AND FINALLY BUST
LIKE A GERMAN SAUSAGE SKIN.
THINKING THAT ALL NATIONS HAD THE FEAR OF THE GERMAN SAUSAGE IN THEIR HEARTS AS WELL AS IN THEIR STOMACHS, HE TWISTED THE TAIL OF THE BRITISH LION—
—BUT EVEN PLUCKY LITTLE BELGIUM WAS ABLE TO SKIN THE GERMAN SAUSAGE—
SO HE DIED!

POLICE "PROTECTION" OF KAISER'S FEELINGS.

In these circumstances, the printers were naturally surprised to receive a visit from a Police Inspector, who produced a telegram from Scotland Yard, containing an order that the sale of the cards should be stopped. Indeed, we gather that no less than seven poor hawkers have already been brought before "the beak" for the "crime" of offering them in the streets. The official was politely asked to point out the particular card and the part of it, to which objection had been taken. He apparently made a note of the request, for the next day he returned to say that the instructions from headquarters were that no picture card *of any kind* dealing with the war was to be sold—the prohibition extending even to those laudatory of the British forces! The Inspector was asked whether proceedings were to be taken against the daily and weekly papers which have, almost without exception, published cartoons either contemptuous of the Kaiser or complimentary to our own men—but this reasonable analogy was abruptly waived aside. The printers, faced with the stoppage of their business, and the throwing out of work of fifteen men who were engaged in the production of these

mementoes—to say nothing of the damage done to the hawkers, who are also being deprived of an honest means of earning a living at a time of great industrial stress—waited upon the Chief Commissioner at Scotland Yard. The waiting was very literal, for it extended to eight hours—and even then they did not see that august personage. They were, therefore, driven to communicate with him by letter, setting out the facts, and enclosing samples of the cards, and also of cartoons which have appeared in the Press. They waited three days without getting an answer to this moderate and logical appeal, and then visited us in the hope that publicity would induce the authorities to act in a reasonable manner.

Every citizen must be prepared to allow considerable latitude to those who administer the law in crises such as we are now going through, but really this tenderness towards our enemy is too much to expect of us. An extraordinary inconsistency is that there is no prohibition of postcards expressing the sentiments of the people, so long as they bear no picture!

We confess we do not understand under what authority the police are acting; and by way of testing the matter, we reproduce some of the postcards.

In ordinary circumstances we should not look with favour upon such specimens of art as the above; but we print them as a protest against what we regard as a piece of petty official persecution. And we are not sure that just now we do not rather like them.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

'Tis a proud moment for the King,
And equally for you and me,
To hear from far-off India ring
Assurances of loyalty.

In patience we our souls possess,
Convinced that when it sees a chance
The Official Bureau of the Press
Will dissipate our ignorance.

Lord Kitchener's direct appeal
To Britain's manhood to enlist,
Such calm assurance does reveal
That thousands find they can't resist!

The captain of the *Goeben* funks
The fight we hoped to bring him to,
For safety to the Bosphorus bunks,
And sells her for an I.O.U.!

Like JOHN BULL'S circulation, still
The Prince of Wales' Fund expands,
And will continue to, until
There is enough for all demands.

Our peaceful combat follows war's grim ways—
The great fight which we all anticipate
Is deferred for a few more lagging days
By fixed decree of an all-ruling Fate.

WORKING THE WAR WANGLE.

THE CITY PEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S APPEAL.

Many of our readers must have heard of the City Pen Manufacturing Co., of 14, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. We have frequently commented upon their methods. Their *modus operandi* is to send, unsolicited, a fountain pen *on approval*, and unless it is promptly returned to render an account for 5s. 6d. Although recipients of these unordered pens are under no legal obligation to return the articles (though they must, of course, give them up on personal application), the Company do not hesitate to press for payment. They are now varying their methods by making an ingenious use of the war. Having despatched a pen to some unconscious individual—discovered, presumably, by aid of the directories—they follow it up a day or two later with a business-like statement of account, to which is attached the following printed appeal:—

THE WAR!!

Please do an act of kindness and send us a postal order or cheque for this little account *at once*. We have a large sum of money locked up in little items, and with a staff to provide for, under present circumstances the want of money is most embarrassing. We depend upon your kind consideration.

One of our Nottingham readers, to whom a pen had been sent unsolicited, on "seven days' approval," asks: "Don't you think this note is damned sauce?" We do.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"I have discovered a marvelous invention for the cure of consumption and other deceases of the body and I claim that it will bring persons back to health and strength who are on the point of natural death, in fact I have discovered the elixer of life. I have discovered how to prolong life for an indefinate time. I want to sell the invention to the Government for £1,000,000. They can make fifty times that amount out of it with selling it to other countries. I have been experimenting for years and at last I have found what the greatest scientists are trying to find out. Dear Editor. Will you let me know who to write to, so that I can sell the invention."

"I am a cutler by Trade, & travel summertime sharpening knives & scissors & pen knives & all kinds of cutlery, but I find trade very dull at present, I should like to have a coat of arms on my machine as I think it would enable me to do better, if people were to see that I had done work for Royalty. Now Dear Editor I want you to tell me how to write to one of the Royal family for a pair of Scissors or a pen-knife to sharpen for them so as to have permision to have a Coat of Arms, I have been a reader of your Exelent paper John Bull for about twelve months, and I want you to answer this through the columns of John Bull and herewith sign myself G. C. M. F. which names Grinder, Cutler, Mush faker."

Hurry up and Get Your "John Bull" Pen. Coupon on page 2 of cover.

POINTS FOR PATRIOTS.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE ALIENS!

We have always extended our hospitality to foreigners, practically without restriction. Until a few days ago scores of thousands of Germans were resident here, most of them well-behaved, intelligent, and hard working. The majority have returned home, but, unfortunately, thousands have remained behind, and some are a dangerous menace which requires careful watching. It may, therefore, be well to recall the present state of the law.

It will be remembered that Colonel Lynch was tried and convicted of Treason, and sentenced to death for fighting against us in the Boer War. The sentence, however, was not carried into effect, but it must not be supposed for one instant that should any British subject be so ill-advised as to take up arms against us in the present campaign he would be treated with similar leniency.

Any person or persons "adhering to the King's enemies," either within the land or without, and declaring the same by some overt act, is liable to death.

Every assistance given by the King's own subjects to his enemies, unless given from a well-grounded apprehension of immediate death in case of refusal, is High Treason. If a British subject joins the King's enemies in acts of hostility against this country—*or even against the King's allies*, although no acts of hostility be committed by them either against the King or his ally—it is also Treason, and any person is equally guilty who raises troops for the enemy, or delivers up the King's forts or ships of war.

The same penalty is incurred for sending money, arms, intelligence, or the like to the enemies; and it makes no difference if these aids never reach them.

NEW POINTS TO REMEMBER.

Notwithstanding the stringency of the law, on the declaration of hostilities the Government immediately passed measures to strengthen it further, proclaiming:—That no person shall supply to or obtain from the German Empire any goods, wares, or merchandise, or supply to or obtain the same from any person resident, carrying on business, or being therein, nor supply to or obtain from any person any goods, wares, or merchandise for or by way of transmission to or from Germany, or to or from any person resident, carrying on business, or being therein, nor trade in, or carry goods, wares, or merchandise destined for or coming from Germans, or for or from any person resident, carrying on business, or being therein. Nor must anybody during the continuation of the war make or enter into any new marine, life, fire or other policy or contract of insurance with or for the benefit of any person resident, carrying on business, or being in the German Empire, nor under any existing policy or contract of insurance make any payment to, or for the benefit of, any such person in respect of any loss due to the action of his Majesty's forces, or of those of any of his allies. Nor may he enter into any new commercial, financial or other contract or obligation with or for the benefit of any person in Germany.

NO CASH FOR THE KAISER!

A further proclamation makes it a treasonable offence to contribute to, or participate in, or assist in the floating of any loan raised on behalf of the German Emperor, or to advance money to or enter into any contract or dealings whatsoever with the Kaiser or his Government.

It was also ordered that all aliens must register their names and addresses and certain other particulars with the Chief Officer of Police for the district in which they reside; and an alien enemy is not permitted to have (*a*) any firearms, ammunition or explosives; (*b*) any petroleum spirit, naphtha, benzol, petroleum, or other inflammable liquid in quantities exceeding three gallons; (*c*) any apparatus or contrivance intended for or capable of being used for a signalling apparatus, either visual or otherwise; (*d*) any carrier or homing pigeons; (*e*) any motor, motor-cycle, or aircraft; or (*f*) any cipher code or other means of conducting secret correspondence.

Our readers, therefore, should keep their ears and eyes well open, and if they find any of the above orders being contravened, they should immediately inform the police or military authorities.

THE "HOLBORN" "HOPS IT."

A CHANCE FOR THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

The blanket bale tricksters are now undeceiving their dupes. By some defect in the law—which, when matters become normal, should be immediately remedied—they are apparently immune from punishment by the authorities, so they coolly whistle in the faces of the poor people they have defrauded, and beat a safe retreat with the spoil. They will doubtless endeavour to put forward the excuse that the war has prevented their sending goods for which their customers have paid, but, to our knowledge, they have usually defaulted at least a month before there were even rumours of forthcoming hostilities. Among the most notorious of these concerns are Slades, of Otley Road, Bradford, and the Holborn Warehouse Company, against both of which, from the outset of their nefarious careers, we have warned our readers. In June last, one of the "Holborn's" many victims issued a County Court summons for the return of a guinea which had been obtained from her by the old, old trick. Judgment was soon obtained—indeed, the rascals running the concern did not dare to put in an appearance in court—and execution was subsequently issued. It was of no avail—for, in due course, the High Bailiff reported to the poor woman (who could ill afford the loss of her original money and the shillings which the prosecuting of her claim had cost her) that "The officer is unable to find that the execution debtor has any goods or chattels on which to levy. The officer is informed that the execution debtor had gone away before the issue of the warrant." The mean tricksters who rob the poor in this manner should be included in the list of "enemies within the gates," as they are assuredly entitled to be, and—as the civil authorities seem unable to deal with them—should be treated under martial law, when they would soon get some of their deserts.

CASH ON DELIVERY.

PRINCELY PAY FOR A WILLING WELLING WORKER.

We wonder whether the postal authorities have been inundated with the applications of fathers of families, thrown out of work by the war, for the job which was advertised the other day in the window of the Welling, Kent, Post Office, in the following terms:—

> Wanted, an applicant for a morning delivery of letters and parcels. Duty 6.45 to 8.10 a.m. Wages 3s. 3d. per week. Applicants must be over 16 years of age.

To obtain this lucrative appointment it is necessary, we are informed, to produce two testimonials as to excellence of character—while the job is no sinecure, as it involves the delivery, on an average, of about one hundred letters and a dozen parcels daily. Nor may the new Government employee be too squeamish as to hours, for he must finish the round, though to do so may entail twice the period of labour which the notice suggests. Surely local labour can obtain better remuneration than this—if the job be only in the hop fields.

THE DIVINE KAISER'S NEXT SPEECH!

Our enemies surround us on every hand. Our long drawn-out efforts for peace have been unavailing, but God is with us in the fight. After years of peace our spiteful and jealous rivals have forced our hands. God help us! We tried hard to pacify them, but at last we must defend the honour of the Fatherland. With the help of God we will emerge triumphant. The brave German nation has responded nobly and God will bring victory to our arms. We have failed to keep our obligations. What are obligations when God is on our side? The Germans will fight to the last man. I am the last man. God will deliver our enemies into our hands. "The Day" has arrived. We shall have our Place in the Sun. Our enemies shall have sunstroke. God will protect our dear Fatherland. We shall conquer in the face of terrible obstacles. Our enemies shall not prevail. God shall scatter them and bring peace with honour, and colonies, to our dear Fatherland. God bless me! WILHELM.

Thousands Delighted with the "John Bull" Pen—Get Yours Now. Coupon on page 2 of Cover.

BOUNCING BOOKSELLERS.

THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

Many small tradesmen have established circulating libraries as a means of attracting custom, or as a profitable adjunct to their principal line of business. In too many instances, however, their enterprise has furnished occasion for the activities of certain disreputable people.

A correspondent, who had not thought of setting up a lending library, had the plan suggested to him by the travelling representative of a London bookselling firm. For some time he declined to entertain the notion, but the agent eloquently depicted the advantages of the proposition, and ultimately a bargain was struck. At first it seems to have been merely verbal, and our correspondent declares that he has a distinct recollection of its terms. He lays stress upon the fact that he was tempted to a deal by an offer of the easiest of easy terms. The agent seems to have promised that, if, after three or six months' trial, the scheme should prove a failure, his firm would take back any books not sold upon eminently reasonable conditions. With this understanding, he agreed to purchase a hundred volumes for a little under £13. The books were to be delivered at once, and paid for by agreed instalments. At the last moment a memorandum purporting to embody these terms was produced for signature. Our friend admits that, "being in a hurry to fetch the mid-day sporting papers," he did not read this document. He signed it in the full belief that it contained an accurate record of the canvasser's verbal undertakings. In point of fact, it was a bald contract of hire-purchase, with no provision for the return of the books in any circumstances whatever. It ran:—

> Please supply me with 100 volumes of six shilling novels, for which I agree to pay 5s. on signing this order and to remit 10s. monthly until the full amount (£12 19s.) be paid. This contains all the conditions made between myself and your representative. This order cannot be cancelled.

Then follows the signature of the purchaser and a statement, signed by the agent, which reads:—

> I hereby certify that this agreement contains all the conditions made between myself and the customer and that I witnessed the above signature.

Realising that he had been shamefully tricked, the purchaser at once wrote to the firm, repudiating the agreement, and detailing the circumstances in which his signature had been obtained. In reply, he was informed that the books had already been despatched to his order, which could not now be cancelled. Upon the arrival of the goods he refused to accept them, and has since learned that they are stored at the railway station, "at owner's risk and expense." In these circumstances, the purchaser will hardly escape liability to the railway company. The goods should be formally received and immediately reconsigned to the vendors, with a further statement of the reasons for their non-acceptance. There, in all likelihood, the matter will end. County Court Judges have little sympathy or patience with the "book fiend," especially just now.

EXIT "THE FINANCIAL WIZARD."

We shall probably be told in due course that the Anglo-German war has been responsible for the collapse of the Income and Investment Corporation, Limited, run by W. Randall Parker, who styles himself "The Financial Wizard." Parker has for months been trading on the credulity of fools, whom he has invited to join him in blind-pool operations, of which previous ones, he stated, had yielded dividends of 250 per cent. per annum. Parker formed his flat-trap into a one-man company last March, and issued debentures "under the Common Seal of the Corporation" to his dupes as a guarantee against loss. In the Vacation Court last week a receiver was appointed on behalf of one of the debenture holders, it being stated that "the principal money had become due owing to an execution having been levied." Parker has lived up to his self-assumed title, for a wizard makes things disappear into thin air—and in his case, principal, interest, dividends, securities, guarantees and even office furniture have vanished in double-quick time. We should hear of Mr. Parker "in another place."

A JUST JUDGE.

FRIENDLY SOCIETY'S BROKEN BOND.

Not for the first time, our views upon a matter of wide public interest have received the endorsement of the Judicial Bench. At the Langport (Somerset) County Court, before his Honour Judge the Hon. W. B. Lindley, an aged member of the High Ham Friendly Society sued his "Club" for arrears of sick pay. The applicant claimed under a rule of the Society which was said by the Secretary to have been abrogated by a general meeting of members, but his Honour was by no means satisfied of the validity of this plea. He cogently pointed out that the amendment in question was all to the interest of "well" members, while it paid scant regard to the rights of those who had been overtaken by old age or ill-health. Moreover, there was a distinct provision in the Rules that no alterations should be made except "at a general meeting of which full notice should be given," and it was by no means certain that this salutary condition had been observed. In reply to a series of pertinent questions from the Bench, the Secretary admitted that "no notices were ever sent by post." Pressed for particulars as to the mode of convening the meeting, he somewhat lamely pleaded that he "had told members as he met them," and that a notice was "put up as usual" in the window of a local beershop. This "had been done for years."

Upon these facts, and in view of certain other considerations, his Honour gave judgment for the full amount of arrears with costs. He held that the Society had no right to alter the conditions of sick benefit except in strict accordance with its registered Rules, which, in this instance, had been most imperfectly observed. So fully do we share the views of the learned Judge upon these matters that we venture to recall the terms in which he announced his decision. He said:—

> The question is as to the validity of a resolution passed by the Society. The plaintiff had fulfilled the conditions of the Rules and became ill. It is very important, in a club of this kind, where members pay their contributions and in effect buy their rights to sick pay, that these rights should not be taken away unless strictly in accordance with the bargain made between them and the Society when they entered into it. . . . If a meeting to be held was to have the effect of depriving a member of his sick pay to which he was entitled, then all the members should have been told beforehand the object of the meeting. If people are going to deprive others of their rights in vested interests of that kind, they must take care to act in strict accordance with the Rules.

These words embody the plain equity of the matter, and we compliment Judge Lindley upon his wholesome ruling.

JOHN BULL.

(*Tune*, John Peel.)

D'ye ken John Bull in his bright top boots,
D'ye ken that grip when his hand out-shoots,
D'ye ken that smile and all its fruits,
When you stand fair and square to the morning?

CHORUS.

He'll back you up; he'll see you through,
With strength and wealth, if you're true blue.
What John Bull says, John Bull will do,
For he stands four square to the morning.

D'ye ken John Bull when his eyes look down,
D'ye ken that mouth, d'ye ken that frown?
When his dander's up, you're upside-down,
And your jaw in a sling in the morning.
—CHORUS.

D'ye ken John Bull in his old grey coat,
With his grim old sea dogs all afloat,
How they grip a traitor by the throat—
And his "number's up" in the morning?
—CHORUS.

D'ye ken John's out on the warpath now,
D'ye ken what for? Well, he won't allow
Any traitor to make his friend kow-tow
To the bally old fraud in the morning.
—CHORUS.

Our First-of-the-Season Football Contest. £500 for 6 Results. See page 23.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Noncutities.]

To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Dear Prince,—Allow me to congratulate you upon the nation's magnificent response to your appeal for funds. As I write, the money in your hands amounts to over a million sterling, and I have no doubt that the sum can be as readily doubled should occasion demand. In the past it has sometimes happened that the operation of such schemes for the relief of distress have been sadly marred by defects of organisation. There has been wasteful overlapping and a general want of co-ordination with other agencies, official and voluntary, directed to similar ends. I have no doubt that these dangers are present to your mind. In the work of collection your distinguished name has been an asset of supreme value. In the weightier task of administration you will doubtless employ skilled advice, and I trust that the practical outcome may be wholly worthy of this, your first real experience of the great power for good which attaches to your exalted state.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lloyd George, Director Bank of Engraving.

Dear Lloyd,—You are doing admirably, by George! Your one-pound notes are excellent considered as substitutes for golden coin, but rotten considered as works of art; an engraver tells me it would be as easy to fabricate them as to shell peas. But that is not really what I am writing to say. Though it is understood that Postal Orders were to be negotiable instruments, the Post Offices do not appear to understand their instructions; at any rate, many of the sub-offices do not, for instead of cashing them to the extent of their value in silver they decline to do so, and will only change them for other postal orders, while small shopkeepers, being in need of silver themselves, not infrequently refuse to accept them at all. Don't tell me the Germans have upset the silver market, and do send somebody round to explain to the Postmaster-General that you will be glad if he will explain to the Post Offices what you are driving at. Paper is a useful article of commerce, but I respectfully submit it was not made to eat, not even in the form of Postal Orders. Let us have a little silver for our stomach's sake.

John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Earl Kitchener, Minister of War, London.

Dear War Lord,—Possibly you will be rather surprised to receive another letter from me so soon after the last, but both in war and peace it is as well not to be surprised at anything. I hope *you* won't. Pray settle yourself comfortably down to the expectation that now you are War Minister I shall have to trouble you rather frequently. For the moment I want to call your attention to this: As a result of the British mobilisation, many time-expired Volunteers and Territorials have patriotically rejoined their corps. As trained soldiers, you will be the last to deny and the first to admit that they are exceptionally valuable additions to the war-strength of our country. They have offered their services in the right spirit, but do you think they have been treated in the right way? As I understand, an expenses grant of £5 10s. has been made to Territorials enrolled before the mobilisation order, but time-expired men rallying to the flag since are to get nothing at all. Surely this is an oversight on the part of somebody at the cash desk of the War Office? All are imbued with the same fine spirit of country; all bear practically the same preliminary expense, and I venture to submit all should be treated in the same way. Have the goodness, my Lord, to draw the attention of the cashiers to this matter, and for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant and authority. Just read "Human Document" No. 353 in this issue, too. It will help you to understand the matter.

John Bull.

To Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C.

My Lord,—Your appointment as Colonel-in-Chief of the Forces which may come to our aid from India or from the Overseas Dominions, will be received with universal satisfaction. At such a time as this, our thoughts inevitably revert to the magnificent services which you have rendered to your King and country and to the deep sacrifices which you have made for the good old Flag. I am happy to know that age has dealt kindly with you, so that in these stirring times you are able vigorously to bear the veteran's part. I cannot forget that, in common with myself, you have insistently warned your fellow-countrymen of the peril in their path; but this is not the time for recrimination or regret. Ours now to hearten and inspire the fighting forces of the Empire—you in your appropriate sphere, and I in mine.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P.

Dear "F. E.,"—I am glad to know that in these strenuous days you have found a useful job, and I rejoice that in the hour of need you have not hesitated to accept service under your friend and "enemy," the First Lord of the Admiralty. As Controller of the Official Press Bureau, you will be engaged in public duties of vital importance, and I know of no man more eminently fitted for their efficient discharge. To be frank, I would rather see you in official harness than in the rôle of pungent Party critic or even in your more picturesque pose of "galloper" to dashing irregulars. Your energies have too long been dissipated in these minor matters, and in seeking an opportunity of definite public service you have accurately divined the wishes of your countrymen.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London.

My Lord Mayor,—I note your patriotic declaration that the City Corporation will, if necessary, "spend its last farthing in doing all it can for King and country." This pronouncement is in entire accord with the fine traditions of the City of London, which has ever been worthy of its place as the heart of the Empire. Equally timely and practical is your appeal to employers of labour to retain, even at some sacrifice, the services of those who in time of peace have looked to them for support. I rejoice to know that, in this respect, many City firms have already set an honourable example, sinking private interests in a common effort for the public weal. In the hour of trial, it is our pride to find that, in all that makes for the honour of Britain, London stands where she did in the earlier crises of our national fate.

John Bull.

To Messrs. Wood, Omerod and Co., Banana Boosters, Edinburgh.

Gentlemen,—I have read your pious advertisement in the *Scotsman*. It is very uplifting; in fact, I have never been so much uplifted by bananas before. As you extol them I am conscious of a holier feeling o'er me stealing. "Bananas are a cheap food and very nutritious," you say. "These form a capital substitute for more expensive table fare, and the supply is not likely to be interrupted. Let us thank God for a bountiful harvest. If in wrath He is chastening the nation for its departure from Him, He has remembered mercy also." The British army and the British navy may fail us, the Austrians may comb our hair, and the Germans may tear us limb from limb, but so long as there is vouchsafed unto us in our frowardness and sin Wood, Omerod and Co.'s bounteous bananas, all will be well! Take one.

John Bull.

To "Young Ahearn" ("John Bull's Boy").

Dear Youngster,—Sorry for the bit of bad luck which, at the last moment, kept you out of the Stadium ring the other day, but glad to know nothing seriously wrong with you. Afraid you must have been killing too many imaginary opponents in that wonderful shadow-boxing of yours. However, take it easy for a few days, and then on Monday next show 'em what you can do.

John Bull.

Football! Our First Great Contest This Week—£500 for 6 Results. See page 23.

THE VULTURE OF EUROPE

WHOSE WINGS HAVE TO BE CLIPPED!

A PLACE IN THE SUN.

AN OLD FABLE.—WITH A MODERN APPLICATION.

Icarus, so the poet sings,
Made to himself a pair of wings,
It being his insane desire
To fly still upward, ever higher,
Until he found his journey done
And himself settled in the sun.
To his astonishment, it seems,
Too hot he found were Old Sol's beams,
The heat they shed was too much tax
Upon his wings, stuck on with wax;
The wax was melted soon, and he
Fell, and was drowned in that same sea
Which, to commemorate his whim,
Was named Icarian, after him.

So William, not to be outdone
By ancient fable, marks the sun
Down for his own, and has the face
To claim in it a dwelling-place,
Daring the world if it refuses
To grant the sun-spot that he chooses.

Well, William, great and gaudy one,
We are not owners of the sun,
So neither grant you nor deny
That place on which you cast your eye;
We cannot help you to the spot—
But there's a place that's just as hot,
And as you seem, O William dear!
To seek a sultry atmosphere,
We'll gladly do our very best
To speed you on in this your quest.
The place to which we shall direct you—
And where, no doubt, they quite expect you—
Is that which, as you must know well,
Is called, by vulgar people—*down below*;
Your footsteps thither we invite them.
In fact, we'll strive to expedite them.
Nor shall we e'er be satisfied
Till we have clapped you close inside.
The place is yours, it claims your form.
Proff'ring a welcome more than warm.
So get inside; we've staked your claim.
You can't object—save to its name,
And as to that—it is your due—
We will re-name it after you!

"Patriot."

OUR 95TH "BULLETS" WINNER.

Mrs. A. Barlow, now of 3, Church Brampton, Northampton, the winner of the £500 Prize in our 95th "Bullets" Competition, writes:—

> Your cheque for £500 received safely to-day. I cannot find words to express the great pleasure I felt at being the first prize winner of "Bullets." The idea for the winning "bullet" was entirely my own, and was only my third attempt. I have five little children, ages ranging from six months to eight years, and I was formerly a teacher in the village school, where I am now staying, so had many congratulations, the first being from my husband at Edinburgh. I shall be pleased to send you £5 for the "Human Document" Fund, and also £5 for the "John Bull" Charity Fund, with my very best thanks and good wishes.

WILLIAM TAVERNER AGAIN.

This hoary rogue is at it once more. Just because the auditor of his Middle-Age Pension ramp does not see eye to eye with him in respect to some payments he has thought fit to make and has reported that they are *ultra vires* the rules, Taverner foams at the mouth and charges the auditor with making statements which are untrue. It is a matter of surprise to us, and has been for many years, that the authorities appear to be absolutely helpless in dealing summarily with Taverner. There are few impostors serving "time" who have merited punishment more than this rascal.

CHOOSE YOUR CAREER

Yes; CHOOSE your career; MAKE your career; that is the ONLY way to keep your position secure. It's no use folding your hands and waiting for something to turn up. Nothing comes in the world of work to him who waits, except a tombstone. The men who make their way, who succeed, in spite of every obstacle, who hold secure positions are the men who have a definite object and who, whatever happens, determinedly push and fight to get there.

What is your aim? Read this list of

Positions for which the I.C.S. Qualify Students

Advertisement Writer.....
Architect .....
Book-keeper.....
Builder.....
Cabinet Maker .....
Chauffeur.....
Concrete Engineer .....
Cotton Worker .....
Designer, General.....
Draughtsman .....
Dynamo Attendant .....
Electrical Engineer.....
Farmer .....
Foreign Correspondent .....
Gas-Power Engineer .....
Handrailer.....
Heating and Ventilating Engineer .....
Joiner.....
Linguist.....
Mechanical Engineer.....
Mining Engineer.....
Motor Engineer.....
Patternmaker .....
Poultry Farmer.....
Quantity Surveyor.....
Salesman .....
Shorthand Typist .....
Show Card Writer.....
Steam Engineer.....
Structural Engineer.....
Telephone Engineer.....
Window Dresser.....
Woollen Worker.....

If you will write to us we will send you full particulars of the training the International Correspondence Schools will give you to qualify you for any of the above positions. Please name which position you are in or want to be in, even if it is not given above. These Schools give a thorough, practical and up-to-date training; not a mere theoretical training, but a practical training by practical men for practical men. Address—using our full address, so as to avoid delay—

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(To avoid delay please use our full address.)

Your King and Your Country Need You.

A CALL TO ARMS.

An addition of 100,000 men to His Majesty's Regular Army are immediately necessary in the present grave National Emergency.

Lord Kitchener is confident that this appeal will be at once responded to by all those who have the safety of the Empire at heart.

TERMS OF SERVICE.

General service for a period of three years, or until the War is concluded. Age of enlistment between 19 and 30.

HOW TO JOIN.

Full information can be obtained at any Post Office in the Kingdom, or at any Military Depot.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE —."

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

[On this page every week we publish particulars of human derelicts whose cases, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

NO. 353.—THE LITTLE THINGS HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

An old Territorial—married and with two children—through a long illness, following an operation for appendicitis, lost his situation after many years' service. During the even darker days he then entered upon, he had to sacrifice his home to support existence during his efforts to obtain employment, and at the beginning of this month he owed nine weeks' rent at 8s. 6d. for a furnished room. It is indeed an ill-wind that blows nobody good, and the night of August 4th found the poor fellow and his wife waiting in Whitehall with strangely mingled emotions, for the declaration of war. At one in the morning of the 5th it came. He was among the first to obtain particulars as to the provision made for married men on re-enlistment—which he understood were a £5 gratuity, 10s. special kit allowance, 1s. per day for each man, 1s. 1d. for the wife, and 2d. for each child. He arranged to hand the £5 to his wife, to enable her to take a cheaper room, and also to redeem from pawn a few of the children's clothes. The next day he was astonished to see a notice that—despite what he had been told—anyone joining after the 4th August would not be entitled to the gratuity so vitally important to his poor wife. He thereupon wrote to us, in brave but touching terms, that he was leaving the country almost immediately; that he was glad to fight for his King, but his one worry was that his wife was absolutely penniless, in fact without a coin in the house to provide the meagrest meal. We visited the woman and found her crying over her "dinner"—a few stale crusts which a neighbour had given her. We left a small sum to tide her and the little ones over until the Government allowance is received, and have no doubt that our patriotic readers will see that Tommy's wife and children have back the things that have had to go to the pawnshop.

NO. 354.—THE WIDOW'S SONS.

A widow, whose husband died about three years ago and left her with seven children, has felt what war means. Her three eldest children—two lads aged 19 and 21 respectively, and a girl of 16—have been at work, and together (aided by what she could earn making children's dresses) they have managed to live. Now, the boys joined the Territorials two years ago, and volunteered for active service—so they have been called upon to fight for their country—which means that the 14s. and 9s. which they respectively contributed weekly towards the upkeep of the home have ceased. At present the girl earns 5s. a week, and the mother a similarly meagre amount, varying according to the work procurable. They desire to move to cheaper rooms now that their mainstays have gone, but cannot do so—as during the last ten days they have had to expend every penny they possessed in keeping body and soul together. Some pawntickets of recent date were shown to us, principally for loans of 6d. to 1s.—from which it will be easy to gauge the intrinsic value of their realisable possessions. A few pounds will enable the poor creatures to move, redeem these belongings, which are really necessaries, and, we hope, keep them on their feet until the sons return, or until they can obtain a grant from the Prince of Wales' Relief Fund. It is, however, likely to be some little while before anything can be expected from this source, as the work of organisation in connection with so gigantic an effort is necessarily somewhat protracted—and "while the corn is growing, the steed is starving." We can heartily recommend this, and the preceding case to our patriotic readers. Those who cannot fight can give to the dear ones of those who can, and whose joy at serving their country is dashed only by the fear that those left behind may be having a "rough time."

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have received the following, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named :—

336.—W. B., 10s.
344.—"A Half-Crown Winner," 2s. 6d.
346.—"A Churchman," 2s. 6d.
347.—W. O., 1s. 6d.; J. B. W., 2s. 6d.
348.—"A Domestic Servant," 2s. 6d.; R. W. B., 1s.; H. R., 1s. 6d.; E. B. (Birmingham), 1s.
349.—"Little Johnnie," 8s.; W. B., 10s.
350.—W. M. S., 5s.; "On Short Time," 1s.; A. S., 2s. 6d.
351.—Anon., 1s.; H. L. E., 1s.; F. L., 1s.; "Kennymore," 6d.; H. V. G., 2s.; "Roby," 2s.; Miss G., 5s.; G. J. Y., 1s.; "A Competitor," 10s.
352.—H. V. G., 2s.; E. C., Parcel; A. G. O., 2s.; Miss G., 5s.; "Elstow," 1s.; J. P., 2s.; "Mighty Atom," 1s.; J. E., 5s. 11d.

We have divided £10 from O'Brien's Grand National Sweepstake Charity Fund between "Human Documents" Nos. 351 and 352, and £10 from the John Bull Football Cup Sweepstake Charity Fund between Nos. 326, 333, 334 and 349.

We have received a considerable number of letters from women, mostly with families, whose husbands have been called up for active service, leaving them without money. In the most pressing cases, we are glad to say we have been able to relieve immediate necessities from the funds placed at our disposal, but they—and others left in a similar position—may rest assured that when matters settle down, the regular War Office allowances will be received weekly from the Paymasters of the regiments to which their husbands belong. It is apparently inevitable that, before routine can assert itself, there must be occasional delay in dealing with the dependents of the men who have been called to the Colours.

We have also sent £6 to "Jack" Morris, the man who, as stated in our issue of August 8th, in the paragraph headed "A Tale of a Convict," was prevented by the Blackpool police from earning a living selling "rock." It will be remembered that he had also been stopped from selling papers, and could not obtain a hawker's licence. Our grant will enable him to establish himself as a costermonger, and thus give him an earnestly desired opportunity of "going straight."

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our "Human Document" Fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises. We shall be glad to hear from others willing to assist.

London.—Mr. A. Heys, "Denbigh Arms," Denbigh Place, 2s. 0½d.; Messrs. Bridge and Co., 48, Brompton Road, 1s.; Mr. F. Tulley, "Crown and Two Chairmen," Dean Street, 1s.; Madame Elizabeth, 911, Fulham Road, 1s. 1d.; Mr. A. C. Heath, "The Atlas," 16, Seagrave Road, Fulham, 1s. 7d.; Messrs. Cohen and Co., 446, Strand, 1s.; Mr. T. R. Morton, "Duke of Edinburgh," Crichton Street, Wandsworth Road, 2s. 2d.; Mr. B. Levett, "The Cobden," Berger Road, Homerton, 9s. 7½d.; Mr. F. Stevens, 69, Clerk Street, 1s. 1½d.; Mr. A. Rowe, "Crowley Arms," Addison Place, Brixton Road, 1s. 4½d.; Mr. E. Morgan, "The Blackstock," Morgan's Corner, Finsbury Corner, 4s. 11d.; Mr. H. Parr, "Coach and Horses," Matthias Road, 1s.; Mr. H. Briggs, 50, Newington Green, 1s., Mrs. Barge, "Bunch of Grapes," Dering Street, 2s. 2½d.; Mr. R. G. Ryan, "Duke of Cambridge," Palace Street, 1s.

Plymouth.—Mr. A. Davis, Caprera Athletic Club, 1s. 7½d.

Manchester.—Mr. G. F. Fannon, "Falstaff Hotel," Market Place, 3s. 0½d.; Mr. J. T. Beckett, Smithfield Market, 2s.; Mrs. Dr. Blayney, Apsley House, Stretford, 5s. 5d.; Mr. W. J. Jones, "Bay Horse Hotel," Corporation Street, 1s.; Mr. J. J. McNeill, "Castle Hotel," Oldham Street, 1s. 0½d.

Total: £2 6s. 3½d., which we have allocated as follows:—£1 to No. 350 and £1 6s. 3½d. to No. 351.

TRUMP FUND.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of further subscriptions of £1 from Canon Rownsley and 10s. from N. We sincerely hope that—despite the claims of the national fund for the relief of suffering entailed by the war—we may shortly be able to raise the comparatively small balance necessary to secure the future welfare of poor Mr. Trump and his family. It would indeed be sad were his hopes to be dashed to the ground when they were apparently upon the point of being realised.

£500 for Only 6 Football Results. See Our First-of-the-Season Contest. See page 23

Ready This Thursday

"The War Illustrated" 2d.

A weekly picture Record of Events by Land, Sea and Air

The living reality of the world's most stupendous conflict will be brought before you, week by week, in the new pictorial weekly.

WEEK by week the camera carries to your fireside notable pictures of the men who are making World History, and of the places where the destiny of Nations is being reduced in the red-hot crucible of flaming war.

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H. G. Wells on "Why Britain went to War"

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- Britain's New Army of Freedom.
- Germany's War-Lord dreams of Power.
- Glimpses of the German Army in the Field.
- The Hero of Belgium.
- The Belgians Gallant Defence of Liege.
- The Grim Realities of the War in Belgium.
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- Woman's Healing Work among the Wounded.
- The Tide of War—the living story of the conflict week by week.

With No. 1 is given an

8-page WAR MAP Supplement

FREE

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

"OW'S IT GOIN' TO END?"

1st Workman: 'Ow's it goin' to end? thet's wot I wanter know.

2nd Workman: It'll end orl right fur us, you bet. It orlways 'as, ain't it? Ain't Kitchiner at the Wore Orfice? Very well, then. Ain't Jellico wiv the Fleet?

1st Workman: I ain't torkin' erbart us, I'm torkin' erbart Germany. 'Ow's it goin' to end fur Germany?

2nd Workman: A knock art. She's goin' ter be cracked like a bloomin' nut. England, Frawnce an' Rushyer'll squeeze the innards out of 'er afore they've done. You watch it.

1st Workman: I knows orl erbart thet. But I'm lookin' fawther a'cad. Wot's goin' to 'appen arter thet?

2nd Workman: W'y, we shell capchur orl 'er blinkin' trade, shawn't we? She'll be messed up fur donkey's years. She'll lose orl 'er colonies, an' sink darn to a fourth-rate Parh, like wot Spain is.

1st Workman: I knows orl erbart thet. But wot's goin' to 'appen *arter thet*—in Germany, I mean?

2nd Workman: 'Ow the 'ell do I know?—nor you neether.

1st Workman: Oh, don' I? Then I'll tell yer. I've bin thinkin' erbart it. Wot would chew do if you wos a German?

2nd Workman: Wish I wos a bloomin' Englishman, I reckon.

1st Workman: P'r'aps you would an' p'r'as you wouldn't. You ain't never worked in Germany, 'ave yer?

2nd Workman: Wot, me? No bloomin' fear!

1st Workman: Well, I *'ave*. I went across on a contrack job larst yer. An' I tell yer, the German workman ain't 'arf a bad sort w'en you know 'im. Wot's more, 'e's a-wakin' up. E's gittin' sick o' bad food an' pore wages; an' now this bloomin' wore's put the lid on.

2nd Workman: But 'e's fightin', ain't 'e?

1st Workman: Yuss, 'e's fightin', becos the 'abits of disipline is too strong fur 'im not to, an' becos 'e's bin fed up wiv a lot o' lies by the Kayser an' 'is nobs. But 'e'll only fight once more.

2nd Workman: Wotcher mean, on'y fight once more?

1st Workman: Wot I say. If Germany'd come orf orl right it ud bin diff'rent. But w'en 'e 'ears as 'ow 'is country's smashed up, an' orl 'is savin's collered by the Kayser ter pay fur the wore, 'e'll begin to aws queschuns. Arter thet 'e'll fight *once more*.

2nd Workman: W'y doncher speak plain?

1st Workman: I *am* speakin' plain. 'E'll aws queschuns. 'E'll say: "'Ere, wot 'ave we bin fightin' fore? Wot 'ave my pals an' brothers an' sons bin blown ter bits an' stabbled ter death fore? Wot's my 'ome bin burnt darn fore? W'ere's my savin's gorn? W'y am I outer work nar, w'en I 'ad a decent job before the wore?"

2nd Workman: 'O's goin' to awnswer orl them?

1st Workman: I'll tell yer. The Socialists'll awnswer 'em. They'll say: "You wanter know 'oo's brought orl this misery on yer? The Kayser's done it—an' 'is saterlites." Then 'e'll aws: "Woffor?" An' the Socialists'll say: "Becos 'e's a *h*autycrat, becos 'e don't care a damn erbart chew serlong as 'is ambishun's satisfied. Do you want it to 'appen again?" An' 'e'll say: "Not much!" An' then the Socialists'll say: "Well, *you'd better stop it.*" "'Ow kin I?" 'e'll say. "W'y, the same as the French did," they'll tell 'im. "You'll 'ave ter coller the Kayser an' cut 'is napper orf, erbolish the crarn an' erstablish a republic." An 'e'll do it, the German workman will. You watch it.

2nd Workman: Wot, jer fink there'll be a reverlooshun?

1st Workman: I don't fink. *I know*—arter the wore. An' a damn good job too. Look at Frawnce. Frawnce didn't wanter fight—but she 'ad to. Look et *h*us. We didn't wanter fight—but *we* 'ad to. An' w'y? Becos of the b—— German *H*emprer—thet's orl. An' the sooner 'e's done in, the better. *We* don't want no reverlooshun nor no republic, 'cos we've got our Union, an' Bottomley's goin' ter bring erbart 'is Bisness Gov'ment. But reverlooshun's the on'y bloomin' thing thet'll save Germany W'y, 'ere's the Arsenal! (Exit.)

JOHN BULL'S VARIETY TURNS.

THE RECRUIT.

"Form fours! Mark time!
Halt! Stand easy! 'Shun!"
That's the way, the livelong day,
The sergeants' orders run!
Oh! it's fine to fight for England,
But, my word, it will be bliss
When the bloomin' war is over
And the order is "Dismiss!"

I'm not a stained-glass window saint,
I don't mind telling you;
I own I've sometimes tried to paint
The town both red and blue;
I've never stuck long at a job—
I hate monotony!
And often spent me final "bob"
A-going on the spree!

I've worried them a bit at home
With my unsteady ways
And made them ask what would become
Of me one of these days;
I've promised to be good—and tried;
But in a week or so
I've let me resolution slide
And started on the "go"!

I've never done a dirty trick
On any pal of mine,
So, though I've been a trifle thick,
I've nothing to repine;
The girls I've flirted with are still
As honest as they were—
I've never done them any ill,
That I can safely swear!

But all the same, I must confess
I've never been much good—
I don't know why it is, unless
There's something in me blood;
I am a sort of careless cuss
Who never stops to think,
If I've a penny for a 'bus
And tuppence for a drink.

But when, a week or two ago
I read the news of war,
I felt a kind o' sort o' glow
I've never felt before;
I read that Britain needed men
To fight, and keep her free—
I chucked the booze up there and then,
And muttered "What price me?"

"You haven't been much good," I said,
"To England, up to now,
A rotten sort of life you've led,
And got in many a row;
Now is your chance to do a bit—
What others do, you can;
And, if it is your luck to quit,
Die, like an Englishman!"

So, round to Scotland Yard I went
And joined the waiting queue
All filled, like me, with one intent—
To see old England through;
And now I feel a thrill of pride
All day within me stir,
To know I'll fight on England's side
And under Kitchener!

"Number! Mark time!
Halt! Stand easy! 'Shun!"
That's the way, the livelong day,
The sergeants' orders run!
Oh, it's fine to fight for England,
But, my word, won't it be bliss
When the bloomin' war is over,
And the order is "Dismiss!"

Cash for Football Enthusiasts—£500 for 6 Results. See page 23.

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"Gale's Special"
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"Fewer selections and more winners than any of its rivals."—*Vide The Sportsman.*

Proof! Proof!! Proof!!!

MAIDEN ERLEGH for the City and Suburban; **ALEPPO** for the Chester Cup; **THE CURRAGH** for the 'Jubilee' Handicap; **DURBAR II.** for the Derby Stakes; **THE CURRAGH** for the Princess of Wales' Stakes; **SON-IN-LAW** for the Goodwood Cup, and **WILLBROOK** for the Brighton Cup.

Next Monday's issue of "GALE'S SPECIAL," published at 2s. 6d. will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope upon receipt of 1s. P.O. or Stamps to all readers of "JOHN BULL" enclosing this paragraph.

Sportsmen requiring unequalled and sterling intelligence should not miss

A SPECIAL OFFER

to "JOHN BULL" readers for

Next Saturday's "GALE'S" PRIMUS WIRE.

10s. only! 10s. only!

N.B.—In the event of postponement owing to the war extraordinary will be communicated with, and a Primus Wire selection sent, as soon as possible after racing is resumed.

The usual charge for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS PER MESSAGE. In no circumstances whatever is more than one selection ever mentioned on this message, and the following is a list of recent wires:—

July 10.—DESOLATION, 10 to 1 agst ... Won
July 15.—SARDUSKY, 7 to 1 agst ... Won
July 18.—REDFERN, 2 to 1 agst ... Won
July 21.—GRELDA II., 6 to 1 agst ... Won
July 24.—LIGHT BRIGADE, 7 to 2 agst Won

In addition to the above satisfactory information all recent SUBSCRIBERS have received "THE ADMIRAL'S" SEALED ENVELOPE SYSTEM free of charge. This System predicts winners at 10's and 20's at practically every meeting, and the following selections were indicated for the Goodwood Meeting:—

RED FINCH (100 to 8), won, Charlton Handicap.
LORD ARMADALE (100 to 9), D.H., Stewards' Cup.
COLLODION (100 to 8), won, for the Goodwood Plate.
NAUGHTY EARL (100 to 6), won, Singleton Plate.
Amos (100 to 6), Third, for the Halnaker Plate.
KILTOI (100 to 6), won, for the Chesterfield Cup.

£1,000 TO ANY CHARITY FOR PROOF TO THE CONTRARY.

POST TEN SHILLINGS

for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE ON SATURDAY NEXT, and secure satisfaction and profit in your Turf investments. This offer will not be repeated.

Note that our ONLY address is:—

"Gale's Special,"
Ruskin Buildings, Birmingham

Telegraphic Address: "WINNERS, Birmingham."

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

OUR RACING COMPETITION.

We much regret that in consequence of the cancellation of the Racing Fixtures, we are compelled for the present to suspend this Competition.

GENERAL.

E. J. H. (Catford) and MANY OTHERS.—Thanks for your appreciation of our article on "The Dawn of Britain's Greatest Glory." The idea of reprinting it in pamphlet form is under consideration.

W. B. McC. (Glasgow).—So you think our article on the European tragedy "reeks of vanity and callousness," do you? We also note that our predictions "have no bearing on the existing situation." In conclusion, we further observe your assertion that "there are two classes of cowards in Britain—the opponents of war, who neither wish to fight nor send others to fight; and the Bottomley type, who do not object to war as long as they have a reasonable assurance of personal safety." What is *your* fighting weight?

Miss M. R. (Manchester).—It's an ill war that blows nobody good. Whilst the present one lasts, the voice of the Hogges, and other humbugs, cranks, and faddists, will not be heard in the land. At any rate, the newspapers will refrain from printing their absurd opinions and pilling speeches. Which is tidings of comfort and joy.

P. S. G. (Reading).—Gratified to read your (and a million others') appreciation of *John Bull in Crankyland*. But that is nothing to what we shall do next Christmas. What about *John Bull in the Vaterland?*

M. A. (Glasgow).—Delighted to hear that Robert Blatchford, in the *Clarion*, also foretold the present European trouble. Afraid we do not read the papers—we are too busy writing them.

F. C. (Walthamstow).—Glad you derive so much fun from Bullets. We should like to be present on one of your Bullet nights, when, as you say, you "each pick out an example and make up silly and funny Bullets which cause roars of laughter."

A. E. R. (London, W.).—If the girls employed in fruit picking accept the growers' terms to pay both the employee's and employer's Insurance contribution, that is *their* concern. What can *we* do in the matter?

C. J. G. (Merton).—So far as we can gather, you received the binoculars from Davis & Co., of Denmark Hill, *almost immediately after our article appeared!* 'Nuff sed.

"A BAKER" (Chalfont St. Peter) is staggered at the thought of W. H. (Winton) putting four or five pounds of yeast in his bread dough. We don't wonder. It seems enough to raise the bakery roof.

MRS. S. W. (Filey).—Very much surprised you should have parted with 35s. to "a tall, red-faced gentleman with a large medal on his watch-chain" pretending to represent a firm which, as a matter of fact, is non existent. We are persistently exposing this class of imposter.

A. M. (Halifax) says "One week's paper o' JOHN BULL is worth a whooal ship loood an' truck looad" of *Crankyland*, but "it mud a been war." Well, lad, tha pays tha money an' takes tha pick, tha knaws!

R. F. T. (Buluwayo).—We note that Mr. Tennyson Smith, the lecturing pumpuritan, made himself as ridiculous in Buluwayo as he did in Blackburn.

"SEVERN" (Edgbaston).—Know nothing whatever of the merits (or demerits) of the Coal Spray concern. Thanks for P.O. for "H.D." Fund.

J. H. (Derby).—We agree with the Vicar of St. Anne's that it is "a miserable thing to enjoy the benefits of religion and to pay nothing for them." A man has no more right to sponge on a church than to sponge on a pub.

A. M. (Walsall).—The children of British subjects are British no matter where they are born. You wouldn't call a man a horse because he was born in a stable, would you?

"QUERNIE" (Gospel Oak).—Worry the steamship companies. The Chiswick person is not likely to be of any practical advantage to you.

T. H. (Camberwell) calls the maternity benefit under the Insurance Act a blooming fraud. In other words, a dreadful disappointment.

O. E. B. (Hartland).—The *Connoisseur* might help you to value your "antiks." Get a copy and see.

W. H. M. (Grimsby).—It may not be generally known that men over 60 years of age can claim exemption from jury service.

"YOUNG IRISH" (Birkenhead).—The result of the inquiry into the Dublin slaughter will answer your question judicially; at least, we hope so.

E. B. (Birmingham).—Your postal order has been added to the "Human Document" fund. We can take plenty more just now.

J. R. B. (Olessa).—So your mates were surprised, were they, when you received your "Bullet" cheque? You must try and surprise them again.

C. G. A. (Upper Holloway, N.).—This is no moment to "give the utmost publicity to blots upon the Navy." Wait until another navy is blotted out.

"ANOTHER WORRY" (Newport).—In view of the enormous *serious* distress that is certain to arise from the war, we should not feel justified in sparing you so much as a penny to provide you with a seaside holiday. Spend your vacation at home. You will be surprised how jolly it can be made.

R. G. A. (Burton-on-Trent).—Our opinion of Elmer E. Knowles and his farrago of Yankee flapdoodle is scarcely printable. Pity he isn't a German. The war would have given us a chance to relieve England of his undesirable presence.

"REGULAR READER" (Hither Green) asks if we have a few old petticoats to send down to the dear old ladies on the Cambridge Bench who banned the exhibition of the Carpentier-Smith boxing film. Yes, and a bottle of gin, old dear, to which they can put their lips when they feel disposed.

M. M. (Leigh-on-Sea).—Only a silly woman would suggest our "whispering a word to the Adjudicators" because you are so anxious to win a prize. Like Germany's recent offer to England, it is "an infamous proposal," for which you should repent in sackcloth and ashes.

"HENRICUS" (Redruth).—If you send the fee demanded by the paying-guest agency we fear you will soon have reason to "cuss" Henry.

A. H. P. (West Bromwich).—A book becomes copyright automatically as soon as it is published, provided copies are sent to the British Museum and, we believe, one or two other libraries. No registration at Stationers' Hall is now required.

D. D. (Cardiff).—What can you do to get your son on the stage? Why, is he reluctant? The usual question is, "What can I do to keep my son, or daughter, *off* the stage?" Do you think he could take the part of a string of sausages in pantomime? If so, Harris or Sam Isaacs might finance him.

J. F. (Bootle).—We are afraid a black list for motoring roadhogs would not be of much use. It was absolutely ineffectual in the case of "boozers," and we fail to see why it should work better in connection with car users. The R.A.C. have something of the sort, we believe, but its effects are not very obvious.

E. E. N. (Manchester).—We are not compiling a Newgate Calendar. We can tell you the Liverpool sack murder was committed last year, and that Ball was executed for it some weeks later, and that is all. The actual dates do not interest us.

"AN OLD GLYNNEATHIAN" (Glyn Heath).—We must keep our eye on "Pat, the White-Gloved Constable."

G. W. (Glasgow).—Take the hair out of your nib before writing us in future. We can decipher your name, but that is about all.

H. W. (Vancouver).—We take it that the Canadian is *not* "socially, politically and commercially the most detestable person of modern civilisation." You should know being, presumably, a Canadian. S. B. L. (Clapton) will kindly note. We hold ourselves aloof from the earth-shaking dispute.

"Bullets"—More Special War Prizes This Week. See page 24.

R. R. R. (Fulham) declares that he has detected a strong resemblance between the style of our writing and that of Charles Dickens. The dickens he does!

"SEAFORTH" (Glasgow).—"No week-day compensates for the loss of Sunday, or money either, for that matter." How do you make that out? So long as you have one day's rest in seven, what are the odds which it is, so long as it is fine?

M. B. (West Lothian).—You will find Hossfeld's English-German Grammar, published by Hirschfeld Bros., 22, Bream's buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E.C. (3s.), as good as any. As regards Latin, Dr. Smith's *Principia* still holds a foremost place, we believe.

F. J. S. (Poplar, E.).—We should have no confidence in the correspondence art school you mention.

T. B. (Doncaster).—We make it as a rule never to recommend moneylenders.

A. W. C. (Burrington).—We know of the combined bookmaker and bucket-shop keeper you mention, and advise you to get a settlement (if you can) and then have nothing further to do with him.

C. E. R. (Hythe).—Whether bananas cause appendicitis or no, we shall still go down the Strand and have one when we feel inclined.

T. F. (Liverpool).—We note that the Bristol and London Art Studios, of Devonshire Street, London, have recently been working Liverpool.

"OXO" (Walsall).—No doubt, if every reader had your keen sense of humour it would be unnecessary for us to emphasise, by change of type, the points in our Printer's Pie column. We must, however, give everyone an equal chance of a laugh for his penny.

ELLEN M. (Dover).—Your sketch of JOHN BULL bringing Truth to the top of the well, at the bottom of which she is said to dwell, is promising, but why have you bandaged her eyes? It is Justice who is blind, not Truth.

DORA S. (Wimbledon Park).—Stewardesses are usually the widows or other relatives of dead servants of the steamship companies. If you have no friendly influence to set to work on your behalf, all you can do is to apply to the various passenger lines for a post.

A. R. (Victoria, Australia).—We do not doubt there are good openings for competent engineers in Australia. We have never said there were not. It is the clerk and other tradeless emigrants we have endeavoured to warn.

M. OR N. (Heaton).—Learn to spell before wasting any more "comparitively valueable ink & paper" in writing childish epistles to us. By that time you may have acquired pluck enough to sign your name.

R. B. C. (Peckham).—When women flock to the bathing places, and gaze with obvious interest on the dripping males as they emerge from the briny, the only conclusion we can come to is that they like it, and are paying an unconscious tribute to the beauty of the masculine form.

J. G. (Walthamstow) tells us his "Mother has a oil painting of a picture . . . signed at the bottom Ed. Schmidt . . . about 2 ft. 6 in. long and 1 ft. 3 in. deep," and wants to know its value. The description given is not sufficient to enable us to judge. Moreover, we do not act as valuers of pictures.

P. Q. (Streatham).—Your story bears telling, but not printing. We must mind our p's and q's when religion is the subject.

MRS. P. C. (Devizes).—We dare not inflict poetry in the Wiltshire dialect on our readers.

S. C. (Chelsea, S.W.).—The Magnetaire is a quack instrument to cure all ills, formerly run by a Professor Lonsdale, before B. Copson Garratt took it over. We would as soon rely on the magnetism in the tail of a black cat.

V. V. (Enfield).—You had better immediately commence an action against the marking-ink people, else, like their ink, they may fade away.

P. L. P. (Erdington).—Treat the threats of the British Linen Co. with contempt. Had you read your JOHN BULL a little more attentively you would have seen one of our frequent exposures of that too enterprising firm's methods.

"CONSTANT READER" (Paisley) begins: "I beg to draw your attention to the way that some tailors deal with their customers." But what about the way some customers deal with their tailors?

J. M. B. (Sutton-in-Ashfield).—We are unable to use more than a very small portion of the "Pie" material sent in. Your contributions appear to have been crowded out, which we regret in tears.

"ANON."—Were it not pathetic, it would be very funny. Four weeks supply of rare and refreshing fruit gobbled up by the police, who fine the Old Age pensioner for driving his ancient wife to the post-office in his own pony and trap! We would like fuller and corroborated particulars of this mysterious occurrence.

A. G. (Reddish).—You certainly *have* made yourself clear—that you were particularly rude to the vicar; but you have not made it quite clear that the occasion warranted it.

G. R. H. (Tavistock).—Any wastepaper merchant will purchase used English ½d. and 1d. postage stamps—by the ton. We know of no other useful purpose to which they can be put.

"LOAD SHIFTER" (Clapham Junction) suggests that because the L. and S.W.Ry. management have forbidden porters to enter railway carriages to secure discarded papers, the company must be getting hard up indeed, as they now find it necessary to rob the porter of one of his recognised perquisites. But we fancy this is not solely a 'paper" question.

"INQUIRER" (Ardwick).—If you do not wish to carry out your agreement with the I.C.S. you will have to come to some arrangement with them. You will find them amenable to reason, seeing the high reputation they bear.

NURSE B. R. R. (Tottenham, N.).—Abby Beatrice Knowles, "Director" of the International Institute of Beauty Culture, is a member of the big Yankee gang of sharks, quacks, and ramps who operate from Westminster Bridge Road, the leading spirit apparently being Elmer E. Knowles, whose activities we have lightly touched upon on many occasions.

N. MACC. (Glasgow).—Sorry that on two occasions JOHN BULL has jarred on you. You may consider yourself lucky it has not done so more often. A paper that makes a point of speaking the truth, without cant, humbug, or hypocrisy, is certain to tread on somebody's corns from time to time.

"CONSTANT READERS."—What do you mean by "*getting a situation* as a farmer out in South Africa, as far up country as Rhodesia"? "Constant Readers" should give their names and addresses.

CAPT. E. F. H. (Broadstairs).—We would sooner read and review your new novel than attempt to put England right on its habitual use of defective French quotations. But who knows? Even then we might find we had selected the harder task!

H. B. (Horncastle).—The Modern Business Institute, of 5, Denning Road, London, N.W., seems to be another of the Yankee "mail order" concerns which have recently invaded England.

"TRAMWAY EMPLOYEE" (Holloway, N.).—We have no doubt some tram conductors are perfect Bayards as regards politeness. But if you were one of that happy band, you would not write us such a rude letter!

"TREFJE" (London, W.C.).—We have frequently had occasion to speak crossly to the Lancashire Clothing Club, for omitting to send goods on receipt of cash or deposit. Your South African friend's experience gives us another bone to pick with them.

H. B. (Streatham).—If we were to investigate every complaint we receive against certain bookmakers, *and every grumble concerning backers*, we should have time for little else. When bookmakers are duly licensed by the Business Government, 'twill be different.

J. H. P. (Ancoats).—Why try to revive painful recollections of our school days? Whether our "head" was Teers, or we often had tears in our head, what are the odds? The great school is the world, and that is where the Editor acquired what is of value in *his* education.

I. E. (Birkenhead).—Can't make out how the poor old "Spanish Prisoner" obtained your address? Why, by means of a directory, thou simple one. As to your sending him a wire as requested, you would be wiser to send him an onion—he must be short of tears by now.

"A READER" (Lincoln) says she has an old cartoon, entitled "John Bull's Nightmare," which she wishes to dispose of. Nothing doing. Nightmares are not in our line.

L. B. (Bethnal Green).—"I have a grievance against the National Insurance Commissioners," &c., &c. The cry is "Still they come!"

J. W. S. (Redcar).—The British Trading Syndicate, of Sun Street, Finsbury Square, London, is one of those funny firms who present their "clients" with a "simulation" watch, provided they buy an equally worthless chain. Do not bestow the light of your countenance upon them.

"AN OLD BEVELONIAN."—We have had much pleasure in forwarding to Mrs. Ewen, of 48, Clifton Terrace, Day Street, Hull, the guinea you were good enough to send for her. It is a most deserving case. The poor woman is left with seven young children.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the closing of the Stock Exchange and the abandonment of racing fixtures, and the great pressure on our space by other matter, we are this week compelled to hold over our City and Racing Notes and Legal, Sporting, Financial and Insurance Letter Bag. Legal and Financial inquiries, when accompanied by the usual shilling postal order, will be answered by letter.

Another Ten "Bullets" War Prizes of £25 EACH to be Won This Week.

LAYS OF A LONELY LONDONER.

VERY "SPECIAL" EDITIONS.

When I'm reading, at night,
Of a terrible fight,
  In a paper with battle news packed,
As I see it in print,
So I swallow the hint,
  And regard all it tells me as fact;
And I study again
The stern tale of the slain,
  With the doing of some daring deed,
Till I'm apt to forget
What is good advice yet—
  That you mustn't believe all you read.

So when morning arrives
A fresh paper contrives
  To put things in a different way,
And on this truth I act—
What at night was a fact
  Is only a rumour next day!
For each evening sheet
Will endeavour to beat
  Its rivals in what it calls news;
When their yarns you receive,
You need not believe
  One little bit more than you choose.

When I find it is billed,
"Twenty thousand men killed!"
  I deduct from the total each nought,
And when many towns "fall,"
That they stand, one and all,
  I shall find when the next paper's bought;
O, why is each night
Doomed to give us a fright,
And a shock, just as sure as you're born?
And why must we wait
For a paper sedate
  That contradicts all in the morn?

For morning, forsooth,
Sheds the cold light of truth
  On yesterday evening's romances,
And we're told to ignore
Those columns of gore,
  By "Our Man at the Front," as his fancies;
Bewildered and vexed,
We wait for the next
  Edition, and eagerly buy it,
Its shrieks turn us blue,
And they swear 'tis all true,
  Though next day they will glibly deny it!

The moral is clear—
Believe little we hear,
  And then we'll be seldom in fault;
No "Great Slaughter" credit,
Though the newspaper said it—
  On each tail spread plenty of salt.
Trust no "rumour" that flies,
But, if you are wise,
  Take your tip from a friend that you know;
If you go by JOHN BULL,
You will then have the pull,
For, if he says it's *so*—well, it's SO!

RICARDO.

THE MIGHTY *MORATORIUM!*

War is, I know, a fearful thing,
And untold misery must bring;
But I'm not so depressed as some,
  Thanks to the *moratorium!*

The ghastly details of the fight
Fill me with horror and affright,
Till to myself I say: "Old chum,
  Think of the *moratorium!*"

The creditors I feared of old
Find me unusually bold;
My sprightly manner leaves them dumb—
  Scotched by the *moratorium!* W.M.

Printer's Pie.

"BRITISH WEEKLY":—
"The CHURCH and other requisites for a Hohenzollern marriage were brought in royal MOTOR-CARS."

"GLASGOW HERALD":—
"If God by his grace vouchsafe to us the victory then '*Væ Victis*' (Woe to the CONQUEROR)."

"EXPRESS AND ECHO" (Exeter):—
"All the bridges and COASTGUARDS in Torquay and neighbourhood are being guarded with the utmost vigilance."

"THE BAZAAR" (advertisement):—
"A lady wishes to dispose of a very handsome WHITE silk Indian shawl, RED one side, GREEN the other."

"MORNING NEWS" (Jersey):—
"The Melbourne Stock Exchange was closed TO-MORROW. No issue of gold is expected YESTERDAY."

"EVENING EXPRESS" (Cardiff):—
"When examined the two men, who spoke fluent German, declared that they were Russians . . . . but they displayed an ENTIRE LACK OF RUSSIA."

"DAILY MAIL":—
"While the German Fleet is SKULKING IN HARBOUR, it is STREWING THE NORTH SEA WITH MINES."

"STAFFORDSHIRE SENTINEL":—
"Many units have offered to SERVE ABROAD if necessary. A number of historic castles and mansions of England have also been offered FOR THE SAME PURPOSE."

"IMPARTIAL REPORTER AND FARMERS' JOURNAL":—
"There was dead silence when the King's message DENOUNCING the mobilisation of the Army . . . . was read."

"PUDSEY AND STANNINGLEY NEWS" (Advertisement):—
"Wanted a boy to deliver newspapers ABOUT 11 YEARS OLD."

"DERBY DAILY TELEGRAPH":—
"The Belgian sappers blew up two BRIDES, and a church."

"EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES":—
"Two spies were shot at Ghent this morning, and four others, captured at Ostend, will be shot to-morrow. ALL IS QUIET AND NORMAL IN EVERY RESPECT."

ANLABY ROAD PICTURE PALACE (advert. in *Hull Daily News*):—
"Star Picture: 'Life in the British Army' (From the NOVEL BY SIR WALTER SCOTT)."

"BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO":—
"Several hundred German prisoners passed through Champigny Station . . . . on their way to Poitiers, where they will be INTERRED."

"STAR" (description of a wedding):—
"On account of the regiment being ordered on service in the war, ONLY the colonel, officers, and men of the regiment, and the parents of the bride were present."

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Why not tell the Kaiser to go to Jellicoe?
Isn't Kitchener a positive War "magnet"?
Is the Neutrality League feeling "at home"?
Won't the "Terriers" make excellent "watchdogs"?
Hasn't the Kaiser been a little too much "in the sun"?
Is it to be a case of "trust" or "trussed" with Turkey?
Aren't they calling it the "Scare-City" of money now?
Are you going to share the War "prize-money" on page 24?
Didn't Germany think she had the "bulge on" the Belgian?
Hasn't the Government shown itself equal to the "situation"?
Is it possible to give too much "consideration" to the Germans in this country?
Is "'Actions' speak louder than words," the motto of the War News Bureau?
How many members of the Women's Social and Political League are busy making bandages?

War Prizes for "Bullets"—Another Special Offer This Week. See page 24.

FOOTBALL! OUR FIRST GREAT CONTEST.

MATCHES to be played SATURDAY, SEPT. 5.

£500 For 6 Results!

£250 IF ONE ERROR ONLY

£100 FOR MOST CORRECT

£25 FOR A MAUVE COUPON

We welcome the announcement of the Football Association and The Leagues that during the war all the games shall be played, so far as possible, according to schedule.

Therefore does JOHN BULL go on his normal way, and to-day he announces his First Great Football Competition of the Season.

There are, however, difficulties in the way of our using our usual "Twenty Match" coupon. We cannot foresee the trend of events. For instance, certain of our football grounds might be requisitioned by the Government. In such a case matches would be declared off, and the possibility of winning our biggest prize would be consequently destroyed.

We have decided that the fairest Competition would be that which runs the least risk of being disturbed by war's eventualities. We give a coupon containing all the English and Southern League matches to be decided on Saturday, September 5th, and we set our readers the task of selecting "6 Away Teams" to win.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

The coupon is on page 2 of the cover. Having made up your mind which 6 teams, *playing away from home*, will win, put a X in front of the 6 matches in which you forecast the "Away" team to win. ONLY 6 MATCHES MAY BE MARKED ON ANY SINGLE COUPON.

£500 FOR THE WINNER.

To the Competitor correctly forecasting '6 Away Winners" on one coupon, we shall award the splendid prize of £500.

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should nobody succeed in correctly forecasting the 6 Correct results as stipulated, we shall award a Consolation Prize of £250 to the Competitor sending a coupon containing only one error.

£100 MUST BE WON.

In the unlikely event of neither of the above two Big Prizes being won, we shall award, in any case, £100 Cash to the sender of the most correct coupon.

£25 'MAUVE' COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall award a cash prize of £25 for the most correct Mauve coupon taken from "MARY BULL," providing such coupon does not win or share in any of the other big prizes.

In the event of Competitors tieing, the prize money will be equally divided. The Editor's decision is to be final.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 1." The closing date is Friday, September 4th.

NO ENTRANCE FEE. SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

Football Fancies.

By "McW."

Little did we think at the close of April, when we kicked our football boots into the cupboard and lodged our goal-posts in the coal-shed, that ere another season dawned the clouds of war would envelop all Europe.

It is no exaggeration to say that thousands who footed it merrily on the peaceful playing fields of Britain but four short months ago are now handling the rifle and the gun on the war plains of Europe.

We cannot all go to the front, however; we cannot all be even Volunteers or Territorials—but whilst we are doing our little bit at home, helping in any useful work which comes to hand, we must remember that the finest steadying influence for a nation's nerves is to be found in reasonable recreation. Do not let us be unduly elated by victory or downhearted if temporary defeat is ours. Let us keep our national equilibrium and let us, so far as possible, pursue our normal course.

The Football Association, the League and the Clubs recognise that it is the sanest policy to supply the mental distraction which keeps us from brooding over trouble.

Go on in your normal way both in business and in becoming recreations. Be normal, and you will not be "nervy."

I hesitated, at first, to advocate the running of our usual Football Competitions lest it might appear that JOHN BULL was indifferent to the situation. JOHN BULL is not indifferent to the horrors of war, but he is persuaded that anything, however small, which lifts us above our worries should be countenanced and encouraged.

Our Football Competitions will interest you, and will give you pleasant occupation in your spare time. If they fulfil that purpose, they will conduce, in their way, to the continuation of that normal conduct of life which generates the confidence that wins its way through every worry and trouble. "Let us be normal," should be our national motto until such time as the golden sun of peace dissipates the thunderous clouds of war.

The "Away" team which I fancy will win on Saturday September 5th, are Chelsea, Blackburn Rovers, Grimsby, Derby County, Leeds City, Plymouth Argyle and Crystal Palace. There should be drawn games at Middlesbro', Manchester, Fulham and Swindon. In all other cases I predict a victory for the "Home" teams.

"BULLETS" WAR PRIZES

As announced last week, owing to the war we have revised our Prize List. Although the total is somewhat reduced, our new offer is a generous one. The division of the prize money has been re-arranged so as to provide a larger number of Big Cash Prizes. This innovation has been adopted solely in view of the present situation—and is one, we are sure, that will meet with the approval of everyone. As will be seen below, a special feature of our new prize list is that the big sum of £250 is divided into ten special War Prizes of £25 each.

£100 1st Prize.

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £25 each

100 Prizes of £1

10 Prizes of £2 10 | **1,000 Handsome Prizes** | **200 Prizes of 10/-**

Bullets can only be constructed from any of these 20 Examples.

IN WARLIKE GARB	HELPING A FRIEND	THE NAVY'S TASK	GOING CHEAP	SECRET SERVICE
GERMAN SPIES	SEEING RED	PRESERVING TRADE	A TOUGH JOB	BOTTLING THEM UP
WHEN TOMMY'S WANTED	A SLENDER FIGURE	A STRONG GOVERNMENT	A WAITING GAME	A BOLD ADVANCE
ADMIRAL JELLICOE	SPECIAL CONSTABLES	JACK'S THE LAD	SUPPRESSING THE NEWS	SWEEPING THE SEAS

£250 IN WAR PRIZES TO BE WON!

Closing date, Thursday, August 27th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(99) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of Cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.
This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated August 29th.

Closing date, Thursday, August 27th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(99) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of Cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 99," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

FOR RESULT OF COMPETITION 98 See Page Opposite.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our twenty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "A BOLD ADVANCE" taking the letters "C" and "D" and using the word "PEOPLE" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet "CAUTIOUS PEOPLE DISLIKE." From the example "A TOUGH JOB" the Bullet "TACKLED GINGERLY" can be formed. Again if you choose the example "A WAITING GAME," using the letter "M" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet "MAIDS FOR MARRIAGE."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used

The result of this Competition will be published in "John Bull," dated September 12th

RESULT OF 96TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:—

Mr. ALBERT ASHBY,
16, Albert Place, Starbeck, Harrogate, Yorks.

Example: PLEASING THE MISSUS.
Bullet: HUBBY'S "SURRENDER POLICY."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:—

Mr. ERNEST W. SUTTERS,
40, Pellatt Grove, Wood Green, London, N.

Example: THE WHOLE HOG.
Bullet: EXCITED HOUSEWIFE ORDERS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. FRANK ROWLEY,
38, Huddersfield Road, Oldham.

Example: ON THE DOORSTEP.
Bullet: THE "KEYLESS HUNTER."

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £10 EACH

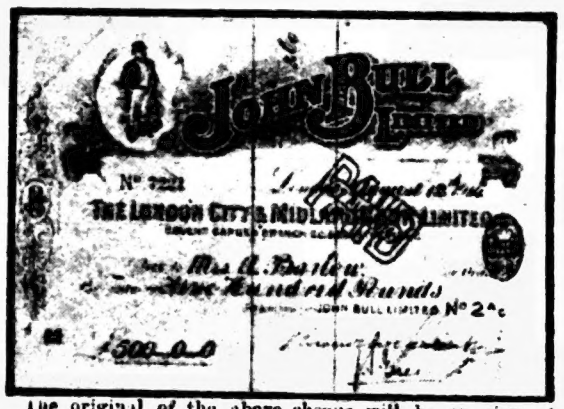
J. STEELE, 14, Listers Hospital, Hull:
GENTLE PERSUASION—SENSIBLE WIFE'S ASSET.
E. DAVIES, 117, Wattville Road, Handsworth:
DOESN'T TAKE MUCH—TO CONVICT CONVICT.
JAMES NEESON, 70, Lagan Street, Belfast, Ireland:
PLEASING THE MISSUS—"MAKING" FOR HOME
T. O. JONES, 22, Syren Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool:
IN CONFERENCE—"FRITZ'S" KNEES NOW.
COLIN MACDOUGALL, Sewage Department, 72, Ingram Street, Glasgow:
PLEASING THE MISSUS—THINKING DAUGHTER SISTER
R. J. MASON, 109 Craighton Road, Govan, Glasgow:
ON THE DOORSTEP—"SHAKING HANDS" SOMETIMES
W. H. DENISON, 22, West Street, Southfields, Leicester:
DOUBTFUL CALLING—NOT FOR FIGHTERS.
J. JEFFREY, Grahamfield, Place, Leith, Ayrshire, N.B.:
ADMIRED BY ALL—AUCTIONEER THINKS "LOTS".
W. GRANT, 33, Aberdare Road, Aberaynon, Glam:
DOESN'T ANSWER—TO "CREDIT" EVERYBODY.
E. E. TURNER, The Laundry, Calcot, nr. Reading, Berks:
STUDYING ECONOMY—MAN, "NO" THYSELF.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

T. R. BURNS, 63, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh:
HER UNDOING—JERMANY'S "TRIPLE DEFIANCE."
BARBER, 2, Silver Street, Stockton-on-Tees:
A POPULAR MAN—MONEYLENDER—TILL AFTERWARDS.
W. HAROLD, 606, Fulham Road, London, S.W.:
DOESN'T TAKE MUCH—SOSTER, WET SATURDAY.
M. F. HASSETT, Killaloe, Co. Clare, Ireland:
HER UNDOING—"HURRIED STEPS" USUALLY
L. J. ARTHUR, 179, Leathwaite Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.:
IN CONFERENCE—NURSEMAIDS OBSTRUCTING FOOTPATH.
FRED COLES, Rotunda Theatre, Liverpool:
CHAKERS MEETING—IF POLICE KNOCK.
REG. H. PAYNE, 39, Marsland Road, Sale, Manchester:
REST ASSURED—THE "RECEIVER" REMOVED.
F. W. LAWRENCE, 285, Commercial Road, Portsmouth:
NUMBER ENGAGED—UNFORTUNATELY EXCLUDES EMPERORS.
P. FARRAR, 7, Graham Grove, Beechwood Crescent, Leeds:
HAVING ANOTHER—VEGETARIAN'S SECOND HARICOT
A. McDERMOTT, 138, Wentworth Buildings, Aldgate, E.
PLEASING THE MISSUS—MAKING "CREATION" HERS.

FIFTY 10s. PRIZE WINNERS.

ALEXANDER, J., 58, Hill Avenue, Totterdown, Bristol.
BARRETT, A. T., Bristol House, High Street, Ramsey, Hunts.
BOUND, W., 3, Telephone Road, Southsea, Hants.
BOYCOTT, W. J., 11, Cleveland Road, Lowestoft.
BUSHALL, G., 11, Jewry Street, Winchester, Hants.
BUTCHER, B., 6, Albert Place, Oystermouth Road, Swansea.
CALVERT, C. E. H., 87, Market Street, Chorley.
CARDWELL, THOMAS, 21, Maud Street, Fulwell, Sunderland.
CHAPMAN, M., 117, High Street, Hastings, Sussex.
COCKCROFT, Frances H., 812, Manchester Rd., Bradford, Yorks.
COOKE, MARY, Sunnyhurst, Tattenhall, Chester.
COX, V., Guinness' Brewery, Dublin.
CUSTANCE, Mrs., 22, Wellington Esplanade, Lowestoft.
DRAPER, J., 165, Highfield Road, Washwood Heath, Birmingham.
DUFFY, J., Manchester United Hotel, Ashton New Road, Manchester.
ESHELBY, H., Park View, Park Road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.
FLEMING, J. J., 58, Beaconsfield Road, St. Margaret's-on-Thames.
FORDE, B., Miss, 19, Venus Street, Liverpool, E.
GODSMARK, G. F., Mrs., 66, Lower Alfred Street, Southampton.
HALL, J., 7, Guildford Park Road, Guildford, Surrey.
HOLLINGS, J., 143, Culcheth Lane, Newton Heath, Manchester.
JACOB, J. A., Royal Hotel, Breck Road, Liverpool.
LARKIN, D. F. G., Craven House, Grove Park, Lee, S.E.
LETHERLEY, A. E., West Cross, Glen Road, Plymouth.
LYON, F., Mrs., 24, Churchill Road, Bordesley Green, Birmingham.
MACMILLAN, R. W. M., Knapsale, Crosby Road, Seaforth, Lancs.
MAIN, G., 20, Waverley Gardens, Glasgow, S.S.
McINTYRE, B., N.I., Virginia, Co. Cavan, Ireland.
McNULTY, J., 54, Snowball Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
NICKELS, F. W., Ivy Grove, Ripley, Derby.
NIXON, E. A., Zetland Hotel, Zetland Street, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland.
PAYTON, E. F., Mrs., 8, Roway Lane, Brade's Village, Oldbury, Birmingham.
PEAT, J., 101, Southwark Bridge Road, Southwark, S.E.
PECK, S., 33, Tawney Street, Boston, Lincs.
PHILLIPS, G., 131, First Avenue, Manor Park, E.
PHILP, A., Mrs., 43, Taylors Buildings, Aberhill, Methil.
POTTER, W. G., Netherfield Station Road, Yardley, Worcs.
RUDDLESDEN, A., F.R.G.S., Oakfield, Llannerch Road, Colwyn Bay.
SCORE, G. F., 9, West Borough, Wimborne, Dorset.
SMITH, H., Nurse, 256, Harehills Lane, Leeds.
SMITH, R., 411, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow.
STONE, S. E., Motcombe, Shaftesbury.
SWINDELLS, E., 90, High Street, Macclesfield.
THORPES, W., Compton House, Westfield Lane, Mansfield.
VIVIAN, T. L., 5, Boulevard, N., Hull.
WADDINGTON, J., Lascelles Hall, Kirkheaton, near Huddersfield.



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. J. B. Frazer, 134, Leith Street, Edinburgh, until August 22nd, and thence at those of Mr. P. McInnes, 87, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at Cinema House, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh.

WARD, J. T., Arran Avenue, Sale, Manchester.
WEIR, R. B., 6, Glencraig St., Airdrie, Scotland
WELTON, T., 34, Islington Road, Southville, Bristol.
WILLIAMS, J., care of D. R. Davis & Son, Port Talbot, S. Wales.

Selection from 2s. 6d. Prize Winners.

Lackington, G. A., 25, Whitburn-rd., Lewisham, S.E.
Lake, T. E., Cr. Sgt., R. Sussex R., The Barracks, Chichester.
Lancaster, W., 102, Thoday-st., Cambridge.
Large, W. J., 496, Paisley-rd. West, Govan, Glasgow.
Lawday, W., 3, Featherstone Bldgs., High Holborn, W.C.
Laybourn, T., 23, Cobden-st., Jarrow-on-Tyne.
Layton, Mrs. E., Stewardess, R.M.Y.C., Rock Ferry, Cheshire.
Leask, J., Woodlands-st., St. George's-rd., St. Margarets-on-Thames, Middlesex.
Leckie, W. P., 15, Castle-st., Paisley, Scotland.
LeCoeq, A. H., 2, Norfolk-tce., Withycombe, S. Devon.
Lee, F., 444, Anlaby-rd., Hull.
Lee, L., The Cottage, Little Mongeham, Deal.
Lees, J. W., 3, Schofield-st., Rochdale.
Legg, G., Whitehaven, Rosemary-rd., Clacton-on-Sea.
Lennard, Louie, Happy Valley Minstrel, Llanaudno, N. Wales.
Lennon, H., 26, Rylett-rd., Hammersmith, W.
Leslie, C. A., 24, St. George's-rd., S.W.
Lessons, Mrs. G., 60, Derby-rd., Northampton.
Letcher, J. T., St. Agnes, Truro, Cornwall.
Levaillant, H., Elmhurst, Oaklands-rd., Bexley Heath, Kent.
Levi, E., 59, St. Kilda's-rd., Stoke Newington, N.
Lewis, Pte., 10, Marlboro'-rd., Six Bells, Abertillery, Mon.
Lewis, V., 1, Llanarth-st., Wattsville, Crosskeys, Mon.
Lewis, A. J., 104, St. Helens-avenue, Swansea.
Liddiard, W. H., St. Johns-rd., Laughton, nr. Rotherham.
Linney, Mrs. C. H., Ackworth, nr. Pontefract.
Littlejohn, W., 13, Chapter-rd., Kennington, S.E.
Llewellin, I. J., c.o. E. J. Llewellin, Printer, Barry.
Lloyd, W. J., Parkside, Murray-rd., Ipswich.
Lloyd, D., Vine Cottage, Briton Ferry, Glam.
Lloyd, J., Vronholme, Ventnor Gardens, Monkseaton.
Lloyd, R., 3, Nantzgwenith-st., Merthyr Tydfil.
Logan, C., 28-29, Southampton-st., Strand, W.C.
Long, T., 182, Edgeley-rd., Stockport.
Long, F. T., 36, Mexfield-rd., East Putney, S.W.
Longley, S., Easthorpe-st., Ruddington, Notts.
Longworth, T., 7, Houghton-st., West Hartlepool.
Loveday, W., 40, Curry-st., Aberaman, Aberdare, Glam.
Low, T., 74, Main-st., Rutherglen.
Lowe, E., 57, Belgrave-st., Skipton, Yorks.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide any prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 24 and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, August 27th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they consider sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that, before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered, and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

LOOKING WELL

DEPENDS ON BEING WELL

SO TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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